Snappy
Stories and Pictures

LOVE and LIQUOR NUMBER

25¢

CONFIDENTIAL

THE recipes next door are by the boy friend. If you don't like 'em much, write and tell us so and we'll get a new boy friend.

* * *

BUT honest, *mes amis*, they're a slick outfit of cocktails, all guaranteed to do their stuff pleasantly and potently—and some of them are knock-outs (any way you like). So what more do you want?

* * *

WE suggest that you paste the whole gang of them on the door of your little bar-ette, and make next week national Love and Liquor Week. And by the time you come to, we'll have the SNAPPY *Spring Tonic* number out to revive you! *Vraiment!*

* * *

PROHIBITION has certainly done the modern girl a good turn. The number of boy friends who can mix a mean cocktail and get together a delectable plate of *hors d'œuvres* to go along with is legion nowadays.

* * *

AND most of them can rustle a passable plate of bacon and eggs for two in their li'l old apartment if it seems advisable. . . .

* * *

It's all a matter of technique. And we've found that a man with skill enough to mix a tricky cocktail is pretty sure to know a couple of other good tricks.

* * *

REMINDS us of Eugene Speaks, author of "Richie Tells the Truth"—this SNAPPY. Gene saw a couple of belated flakes of snow the other night and went outside to make snowballs. Didn't go so good, so went back inside and made highballs instead.

* * *

EUGENE is a fascinating young-man-about-town who, like Richie in his story, often goes to bed at seven. He has an extraordinarily pleasant speaking voice. For a while he went in for Graham McNameeing it over WABC, but he found the regularity of radio hours blasted his social life to bits.

* * *

So now he's a writer. We're glad. We need more men like Eugene to lead us toward a new civilization in which good times aren't browbeaten by the clock.

* * *

NOT that some good work isn't being done in that direction. . . . We labored along Fifty-seventh Street at eleven o'clock the other morning, headed toward the office, when a Chrysler roadster stopped at the curb in front of an apartment house.

* * *

FOUR youngsters, still in evening clothes, a bit tousseled, scrambled out and commenced saying their good-byes. "Cer'n'ly am glad to have met you! Hope we'll meet again some time." And they shook hands lustily. Then the girls trailed sleepily off upstairs and the boys drove away.

* * *

So the next number of SNAPPY will be the *Spring Tonic*—and if you don't get stimulated by it, you're in a bad way. We particularly recommend "The Mating Season," "Whose Calves Are These?" and "Country Life."

* * *

THE story by Dorothy Dow promised you for this issue is so full of the sap of spring that we saved it for the next. There'll be a story by Dawn Powell that'll assuage your spring fever, and one by Peggy O'Day called "Common Folk" that takes its spirit from a verse of Fritzi Wood's favorite ditty—you know, "We're merely mammals, let's misbehave."

* * *

BUT we warn you, *mes amis*, the *Spring Tonic* number will have positively no articles on How to Take Out Grass Stains. So watch your step! *'Voir!*

The Editor

SNAPPY STORIES AND PICTURES. Volume 106. No. 3. March, 1928. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 24, 1914, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. Single copies: 25 cents. Yearly subscription: $3.00. Foreign $3.50. Published Monthly by New Fiction Publishing Corporation, 119 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Douglas Cooke, President and Treasurer; Kendall Banning, Vice President and Secretary; E. A. Harm, Asst. Treasurer; Florence Haxton, Editor, and copyrighted 1928, by them in the U. S. and Great Britain. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in SNAPPY is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.

DR. SNAPPY PRESCRIBES

Gin Fizz

℞ Juice 1 lime or ½ lemon
2 teaspoons syrup (clear, pineapple, or grenadine)
1 wineglass best bathtub gin
shake and pour over ice-cube in highball glass
fill up with any charged water and stir lightly

SILVER FIZZ (for blondes): add white of 1 egg
GOLDEN FIZZ (for brunettes): add yolk of 1 egg
ROYAL FIZZ (for movie queens): add entire egg
NEW ORLEANS FIZZ (for old-timers):

Add white of 1 egg
2 or 3 dashes orange flower water
½ wineglass heavy cream
shake till exhausted

Take before arising. If one dose fails to open two (or four) eyes, repeat immediately. If second fails, leave them shut.

Jack Rose

℞ 1 part non-alcoholic French vermouth
1 part non-alcoholic Italian vermouth
2 parts orange juice
2 parts lime or lemon juice
2 parts Gordon water
4 parts applejack
color to taste with grenadine syrup

Indicated for the gray open spaces, if any, between breakfast and lunch. Repeat till the patient is rosy, but lay off before he sees red.

Martini

℞ 1 part prohibition Italian vermouth
3 parts fresh gin
twist in a bit of lemon peel
put an overstuffed olive in each cocktail glass

DRY MARTINI (for sophisticates): substitute French vermouth and use small green olives
MANHATTAN (for the corn-fed): substitute what you bought for rye and use synthetic cherries
ROB ROY (for the hard-boiled gel): substitute Americanized Scotch and use the pickled onions she knows

Before meals.

Planter's

℞ 1 part grapefruit juice
1 to 2 parts Jamaica rum
dash of Angostura bitters
chill thoroughly

Will remove any gin breath. (Garlic will remove the rum breath.)

Alexander

℞ 1 part crême de cacao syrup
1 part heavy cream
1½ parts ship's steward brandy
shake hard and serve in a cocktail glass

Administer gently during luncheon to the kid sister (yours or another's) who wants to dance all afternoon on ice cream sodas.

Pussyfoot

℞ Yolk of 1 egg
juice ½ orange
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon grenadine syrup
½ teaspoon rum sauce extract
shake professionally and serve in real cocktail glass

A tried and true homeopathic remedy for catty chaperons, innocent mammas, homely sisters, and other encumbrances of the sort. To make allopathic, suddenly substitute for the rum extract one wineglass alias Bacardi. (*See page* 59)

BOTTOMS UP!

The high-ball—the drink that makes bold knights bolder and ladies more fair—or at least more reasonable. (Christie Comedy)

The horse's neck—just a little drop of real sunshine; makes you live as long as Fannie Ward and a lot faster. (Mary Ash)

The side-car. Billy Franey and Gordon Louie show how it works in private life.

Bootlegger's delight. To be captured about twelve miles out, though Virginia Lee Corbin can make it float right in to her.

Egg nog. Just the thing to drink after you've given up drinking. (Barbara Kent)

A pick-me-up. When you're all overhung, stage a revival meeting to get into shape for tonight's party. (Irving and Dawson)

The T. B. M.-Special—old wine and a little sugar. (John G. Clerk and Olive Borden)

RICHIE TELLS the TRUTH

By Eugene Speaks

Cut-outs by Erma Allen

"Oh, I call my baby arson,
Yes, I call my baby arson,
I call her arson
'Cause she burns me up."

RICHIE SMITH got his coat and his hat and his muffler and surrounded himself with them. Then he slammed the door of his little apartment, made sure that it was locked and walked toward the elevator still singing.

Many things have happened to many people while waiting for the elevator man to finish his game of bridge, change his collar, take a spoonful of tonic and bring the elevator up to the floor from which the bell has been rung. Something happened to Richie as he waited. Something very slight. It was only that his thoughts dwelt for a moment on the ridiculous little thing that he was singing.

First his thoughts were merely amused, then questioning and then grim. Rosemarie was certainly his baby, but fancy calling her "arson." She did make him feel all warm and cheerful and perturbed, but oh, dearie me, how she would stare if she were called "arson" and how she would glare if he explained why. She was so curse-all proper. Pity that such a fellow as himself should be in love with Rosemarie, who could wear a chunk of ice for a lavaliere and never get her chest wet.

The elevator arrived and conveyed Richie to the main floor. He walked briskly out into the Park Avenue night and turned left. Rosemarie lived four doors down in the biggest, most expensive, most conservative house on Park Avenue. Nobody like himself lived in Rosemarie's house. There were only respectable families living there and ancient ladies who smelled faintly of lavender and synthetic gin. Nobody lived in Rosemarie's house who was anything like Gwynneth Kingston. But Gwynneth Kingston lived in his house. Yes, Gwynneth Kingston lived in his house!

Rosemarie opened the door for him. She was wearing one of those dresses that just tears the heart out of a man. She was all transparent net and glittering slippers. Her black hair was parted in the center and drawn tightly over her ears. Richie noted the brightness of her dark hair, the redness of her lips, and her brilliant, dark eyes. He shot a quick glance over her shoulder to see if there were a parent lurking in the offing. There was not, so when he had finished kissing her he said, "Gee, you look beautiful."

She did—that was the devil of it. He had to love Rosemarie. There was no getting around it—and she was the kind of a girl that a fellow would never get over.

"I saw Gwynneth Kingston yesterday," Rosemarie said.

"Oh, did you?" asked Richie politely.

"Yes. She said that she's putting on a new revue tonight at the Club Gwynneth and would like us to come see it. She said everybody in town would be there."

"All right. Let's go."

Rosemarie looked doubtful. "Gwynneth," she said, "is a lady who was divorced by her husband. There were enough co-respondents named to make one wonder if she ever had any spare time. If she invited me to her apartment for tea or dinner, I should certainly not go. Why should I go to the club where she is my hostess?"

"Because," said Richie, "it's the best place in town, and because if you eat too much, Darling, Gwynneth will take my name on a chit, and because I want to go and because, after all, Gwynneth is a good sort."

"To quote somebody or other," said Rosemarie, "Gwynneth may be a good sort but she's a bad lot. But we'll go anyhow."

Rosemarie got into seven hundred dollars' worth of evening wrap and said that she would go with Richie to the garage. She wanted to take a walk, she hadn't had much exercise lately.

So Rosemarie walked around the corner with Richie to get the car. In the garage, whom do you think they met? Terry Perry. Of all people.

"Say, what were you doing this morning? Walking in your sleep?" Terry asked Richie. "At seven o'clock in the morning of all times to see a fellow prowling around in dress clothes!"

Rosemarie looked at Richie. Richie looked at Terry. "No," Richie said, "I wasn't sleep walking. I came home late from my brother's house and sat down to write a letter telling my sister-in-law what a lovely time I'd had. I was just going to the mail chute when you saw me. What were you snooping around at seven A. M. for?"

"Going to Philly on business, my lad. Had to meet somebody there at ten. But, say, I thought you lived on the fifth floor. That was the second I saw you on."

Richie did not look at Rosemarie. He kept looking at Terry, and how he looked was nobody's business.

"Where are you folks going?" asked Terry, brightly.

"To the Club Gwynneth," said Rosemarie and there was oil, ice, and determination in her tone.

"Oh, no," said Richie, suddenly, "don't let's go there. That's a terrible place. Let's go to the Midnight. The Club Gwynneth is awful. It's—it's dusty."

"We're going to the Club Gwynneth," said Rosemarie.

"Me, too," said Terry. "I won't get my car. I'll go with you folks."

Terry went with Rosemarie and Richie. Nobody spoke to him but he didn't seem to notice. Funny how a fellow can do something terrible and then act as innocent as a new laid egg.

Richie was hating Terry but dreading the moment when he should be left alone with Rosemarie. Women were so suspicious, and good women were worst of all. How would he make her believe that he was as guileless as Terry looked?

All too soon Terry left them. He flew with the loudest giggler in seven counties to a particularly shady corner of the Club Gwynneth. Rosemarie, with her head two inches higher than usual, followed the waiter to a table that was reserved for couples who looked scrappy. Richie wanted to run away but he had to convince Rosemarie that he wasn't guilty of the terrible thing of which she suspected him. He had to convince her because he loved her.

"Now," said Rosemarie when they were seated.

"Now," said Richie, and tried to smile bewitchingly.

"If you want to keep my friendship you will explain what you were doing on the second floor of your apartment building at seven o'clock this morning. I happen to know, please remember, that Gwynneth Kingston lives on that floor."

Richie's eyes wandered about the night club. He looked at the orchestra, at the sparkling dance floor, at a gentleman who was about to dive into a glass of water. Richie's gaze sought the heavy golden drapes of the Club Gwynneth, the knowing-looking lights, and those poor eyes of Richie came to rest on the doorway where, tall and exquisitely blonde, stood Gwynneth Kingston.

"Seeking inspiration?" asked Rosemarie, sweetly.

"The truth needs no inspiration," said Richie. "When you have the truth all you need is the courage to tell it, a person to believe it, a lawyer to protect you, and a highball."

"I'm waiting," said Rosemarie.

"The world is waiting for the sunrise," Richie reminded her, "and it's still a long way off."

"You'll tell me now what you were doing on Gwynneth Kingston's floor or I'll go home."

THE orchestra began to play. It played very well, Richie thought. Very loud, too. He saw Gwynneth settle herself at a table with some gentleman who, Richie trusted, had been friends of her (*See page* 42)

"The truth needs no inspiration," said Richie. "I saw a cat, a beautiful cat, a Persian cat with a simply incredible tail. . . ."

The Ladies will Now Pass Out

Audrey Ferris passed out with a doorknob, but she can't quite remember whose door it belonged to.

With Ricardo Cortez making heavy love, Maria Corda doesn't care if she does go blotto. Who would?

Alice Day is afraid to come to—she isn't sure whether it really is a gorilla or just that synthetic gin.

So finally Marjorie Beebe and Norman Peck just left the party and went sleigh-riding instead.

Laura La Plante is the kind of a girl who just can't pass out by herself; David Rollins or somebody has to come, too.

Any nice girl can accomplish a lot by learning to pass out like this, says Jeanne Eagels.

MARY McALLISTER CERTAINLY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT LEW CODY HAS BEHIND THAT CURTAIN. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "WICKEDNESS PREFERRED.")

LEW—*Would you cry for help if I tried to kiss you?*

MARY—*Do you need help?*

Whether you're married or single, Mildred Harris and Billie Dove will teach you all you ought to know about chorus girls, in First National's forthcoming "The Heart of a Follies Girl."

Somebody just told this group of merry newlyweds to sing in Universal's "Honey Moon Flats"—and they're doing it. So to save you embarrassment, we suggest you get the air outside.

BILLIE—*Well, I've done it. I'm married.*

MILDRED—*But I thought you were a man-hater.*

BILLIE—*Yes, I was. But one proposed to me.*

JUST ONE OF THE MARINES—SEEING THE WORLD. EDDIE GRIBBON AND MEDIA ICHICKA, IN TIFFANY-STAHL'S "STREETS OF SHANGHAI."

MEDIA—*Do you love traveling?*

EDDIE—*No, I like to sit in quiet corners when I do my loving.*

LON CHANEY (HIMSELF) BLOWING SMOKE RINGS FOR MARCELINE DAY AND JAMES MURRAY IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "THE BIG CITY."

LON—*Allow me to present my wife to you.*

JAMES—*Many thanks, but I have one.*

Suddenly Christine was not alone . . . dropped in to tell you I was sorry about yes-

Temple Barton was smiling down at her. "I terday. . . . "You're cuckoo," chirped Christine.

Christine Gets Lit Up

By Peggy O'Day

Illustrations by Loren Stout

HE was bored—obviously, unashamedly bored. His gaze was fixed on the world outside the heavy ecru curtains, and occasionally he withdrew it to look at his wristwatch. When he did, his lips would tighten impatiently and he would cast a glance at the impersonal frosted doors behind which Dr. Bancroft was pulling somebody's useless tooth. Once he had looked at Christine and she had dimpled happily. Immediately he referred himself to his watch, but his single look had encouraged her to tell him another story.

"Oh, I had lots of fun at boarding school," she went on. "Once I was awfully hungry and I thought I'd die waiting for dinner. When I thought of chapel before the meal I could have cried . . . so do you know what?"

The young man didn't know what.

"Well, I locked the chapel door and threw away the key—but did that hurry dinner? Not at all. We had to wait until Miss McDuffus got a locksmith from town to open the door. We had chapel before dinner, anyhow, and dinner was an hour and fifteen minutes later than it would have been ordinarily."

The young man sighed.

"I got punished, too," added Christine.

"Did you?" asked the young man. He hoped she had been well punished.

"Shall I tell you about the first time I was allowed to play tennis with the older girls?" Christine asked, bouncing up and down on the divan.

"No," said the young man, "tell me why it takes your father so long to pull a tooth."

"It doesn't," said Christine. "He's only had Mr. Smith in there ten minutes."

"Oh, Lord," said the young man. "It seems like a thousand years."

"Are you in pain?" asked Christine.

"Yes, and your father can fix it by hurrying up."

Christine's very small, very much upturned nose wrinkled perplexedly.

"You oughtn't to be in pain," she said. "Father said you only needed a few small fillings."

The young man continued to stare gloomily at the street. Christine was sorry she couldn't interest him. She had wanted most awfully to win the nice young man's attention. He had been in the office twice since she had arrived home. The young man's name was Temple Barton. He was a rather prosperous young realtor and lived in a big house all by himself. He was tall and dark and his eyes snapped at you. Christine thought vaguely that they could call you names. He was the man that every girl in the suburb wanted to marry and Christine didn't blame them. Perhaps he was shy. Christine looked at him with a new curiosity.

"Are you still in pain?" she asked timidly.

"Worse than ever," said Temple Barton.

"Oh, dear!" Christine looked about helplessly. "I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

Barton laughed a little. "Yes," he said, "but you won't do it."

"I will, honestly. What is it?"

"Go upstairs and read a book," returned Barton tersely.

CHRISTINE went. She understood perfectly. Miss McDuffus had wanted absolute quiet and no company when she had a headache or anything like that. She wished she could talk to Miss McDuffus. She had been home a month and hadn't made a single friend. Even her father and mother were utter strangers. Other vacations Christine had spent visiting schoolmates. Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft had not wanted a child around them, but now she was eighteen and had graduated from school.

"Old enough not to be troublesome," said the doctor.

"Old enough to be a darn nuisance," said Mrs. Bancroft, who had red hair and that sort of thing.

Christine sat down at her little dressing table and looked at Christine. She liked brown eyes, but hers were blue. Her hair annoyed her, too. (*See page* 51)

Eight little Christie Comedy girls—who know very well of them why a seal is never cold she'd laugh merrily and that water's only good to swim in. If you asked any one say, forsooth, because he's always between two flappers.

LANE CHANDLER'S HAVING A HARD TIME PLAYING STERN, COLD JUDGE WHEN HAL CRAIG BRINGS ESTHER RALSTON IN FOR SPEEDING. (PARAMOUNT'S "LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.")

HAL—*Say, I almost broke my neck following this young lady around them curves.*

ESTHER — *Well, Judge, I hope that teaches your officer not to chase after every pretty girl he sees.*

WALLACE BEERY, RAYMOND HATTON, AND SALLY BLANE MEET IN A HOTSY-TOTSY IN PARAMOUNT'S "WIFE SAVERS." WHAT'S A WIFE BETWEEN FRIENDS, WE ASK?

WALLACE — *Well, young man, don't let me spoil the party.*

RAYMOND — *Not at all, sir. Funny thing, though, I didn't know she was your daughter.*

WALLACE — *No, you wouldn't. She's my wife!*

CHESTER CONKLIN KNOWS VERY WELL THAT THE WAY TO CATCH AN HAWAIIAN WILD WILD BIRD IS TO PUT SALT ON ITS TAIL. (WITH LEILANI DEAS. "MISS HONOLULU," 1925, IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE SHOWDOWN.")

CHESTER — *Where have I seen you before?*

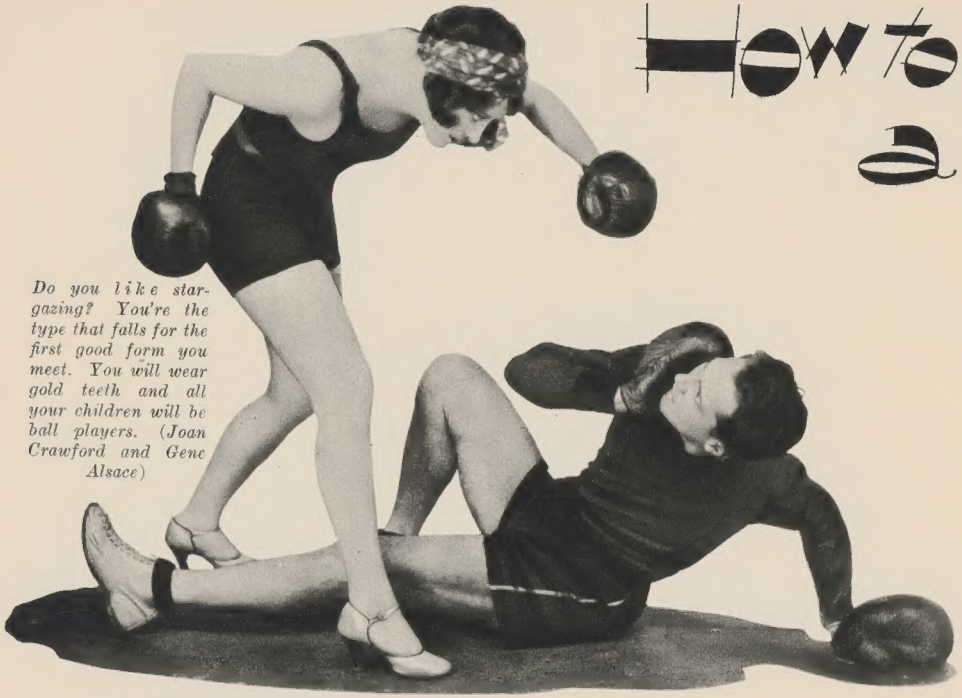
LEILANI — *Where have you been?*

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN'S GOING TO KEEP HER NECK WARM AND YOU CAN LAY T'THAT, NO MATTER WHAT PAT HARMON OR BLUE WASHINGTON DO ABOUT IT. (TIFFANY'S "THE HAUNTED SHIP.")

BLUE — *Darling, will you marry me?*

DOROTHY—*I can't, but I'll remember your good taste.*

How to Choose a Wife



Do you like stargazing? You're the type that falls for the first good form you meet. You will wear gold teeth and all your children will be ball players. (Joan Crawford and Gene Alsace)

With apologies to Liberty)

Do you use Pear's soap? Don't forget—well-scratched backs keep contented wives. Yours will be a happy life if you take up chiropractics. (Wallace Lupino and Lucille Hutton)

Wives made-to-order. No alterations, no exchanges, no C. O. D. Read the questions—and by the answers you shall know her. . . . (Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston)

Do you like bedtime stories? Remember—what's sauce for the gander's meat for the tabloids! Pick a girl who's an orphan—or be sure you've a good lawyer. (Charles Farrell and Greta Nisson)

Would you work harder for less money? You will travel far, but your true love awaits on your doorstep. You are—yes, you are—the kind of man who pushes baby carriages. (Kenneth Harlan and Lya de Putti)

Do you take three lumps in your coffee? Then beware of a blonde in a one-piece bathing suit. Your true love waits for you in a delicatessen. (Bert Roach and Mary McAllister)

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrations by Robert Patterson

The next afternoon at breakfast, Peggy and Chloe strolled in and let Karl and Lyle pay for it. They organized a quartette and had jolly times. Lyle was Chloe's and Karl was Peggy's . . .

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

DID you ever hear this song? It goes:

"Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
Ta da de da da de da da, (*I've forgotten the second line*)
They swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above,
For he was her man, but he done
her
wrong."

I've tried for a long time to get the low-down on that song, but they'll only sing me parts of it. Parts like *ta da de da da de da da.* I understand that Frankie gave Johnny ten dollars to buy a pair of shoes, but he didn't buy the shoes, and she shot him. I asked somebody why she shot him for not buying a pair of shoes, and he said it wasn't because he didn't buy the shoes, it was because he bought something else, but he didn't say what it was he bought, so it's still a mystery to me.

Lyle Wells, accompanied by the friend of his bosom, Karl Bannister, sat on the steps of the Hotel Danieli in Venice, singing that song. They were properly lit, as one should be where liquor is plentiful and cheap. Lyle's arm was locked around the neck of the friend of his bosom, affectionately. There was a strange bond between them. For years they had shared pocketbooks, liquor and women. With his free hand, Lyle kept time. He was singing what he fondly supposed was alto. The friend of his bosom was rocking off into variations that nobody else had ever heard of, and might have been improved upon. Somebody came along and suggested in Italian that they move along. Lyle rose, with dignity, and assisted Karl to his feet. He assisted him up the steps, picking him up twice en route.

They had a jolly time in the revolving door, going around and around and around, singing Frankie and Johnny and making faces at each other through the glass partitions. Then, by accident, Karl tumbled out and Lyle was left going around and around and around alone, making faces at himself.

When they finally managed the elevator and it managed them, they separated at their respective floors with affectionate gestures. Lyle proceeded down the hall and shoved the key at the keyhole for a while. It didn't work. The keyhole wasn't large enough. He gave it up in disgust and went down the corridor blithely. At the end of the corridor was a door leading to the balcony. The balcony led to his room, where he could climb through the window with ease. He climbed through the window with ease and stepped on a Pekinese dog. The dog couldn't help looking surprised. He was born that way. The only unusual thing about the dog was that it didn't belong to Lyle. That, however, was a small matter. Lyle was the kind-hearted sort of boy who would take in a dog or a woman at any time of night. He leaned over and patted the canine head kindly.

"Did they put you out?" he asked in tender accents. "Don't you mind. You can sleep with me. Plenty of room."

He removed his tie and burst into song.

Frankie and Jo-h-nn-y were *luvv-r-rs* . . .
Ta da de da da de *dada.* (*I think that's an immoral line or I'd know it.*)
They swore to be true to e-ea-ch o-o-the-rr . . .
Just as tr-u-u-e as the st-a-a-rs abo-ove,
For he-e was h-er ma-an, but he done
her
wrong.

"That's a swell song," a feminine voice said sleepily from the doorway, "but I'm going to get hell if you persist in singing it in my apartment."

"Did they put you out too?" Lyle asked blankly. "No matter. Plenty of room for everybody."

He replaced his tie, because his neck looked better with a tie around it, and Chloe Maxim was the kind of girl who inspires a man to look his best. Besides, she wore a particularly dislocating and expensive negligée. It was green with foaming ostrich feathers here and there. She was tiny, with a mop of red hair and a red and rebellious mouth. She had violet eyes.

"Come on out," Lyle wheedled. "I'll sing lower. I'll even stop singing for you."

She pulled the ostrich feathers more closely around her neck and advanced. She brightened when she saw that Lyle was blond and good-looking. A blond and good-looking young man in Venice is a welcome change. It developed that she had a girl friend smuggled under the eiderdown in the next room. They brought her out, too. Then they brought out a quart of liquor. Lyle and Peggy and Chloe and the Pekinese dog had a swell time. Lyle sang to them, sandwiching *ta da de da da de da da's* in between spoken words with tact and diplomacy. They told each other their respective histories. The dictionary says that histories are comprised of a narration of facts and events arranged chronologically with their causes and effects. Chloe kept some of the facts and causes and effects to herself, sensibly, telling those that sounded the best, for Lyle was blond and good-looking and he had a (*See page* 62)

Neal Burns has just offered to take this little lady for a ride in the park before breakfast. Oopsie-daisie!

Lane Chandler says goes right on saying

Good

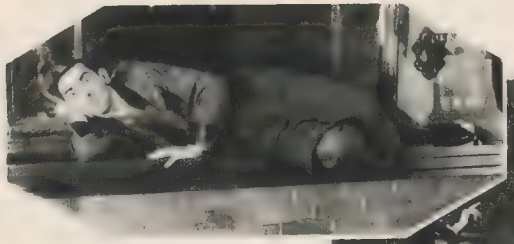
good night, but Esther Ralston just "Good morning."

Morning!

Toy Gallagher holds up Lupino Lane to give him the top of the morning.

Laura La Plante insisted on coming back to the party at 6 A. M. to wish the hostess good-morning.

The early maid catches the worm—he'd been living under the divan ever since the apple-jack gave out.



Eddie Cantor practices Pullman riding in his own home—almost any morning-after finds him on some cozy mantel.

The hunt breakfast with Marjorie Beebe and Norman Peck riding right through the cereal course.

A Scotchman's Night Out

Save the first nickel by calling up your sweetie at home—even if the wife is listening. (Conrad Nagel—May McAvoy)

She doesn't know her "Yes, of course" means a vacation from gold-digging. (Olive Borden)

Call for her with the usual props—three-day roses and an overnight bag in case anything happens. (Wm. Austin)

Tell her to go ahead and make up to the boys at the other table—they provide the likker. (Lya de Putti)

If she insists on a taxi tell her to go ahead—you'll walk. (Jack Pennick—Frances Dade)

Right here the lady may decide there is a limit to everything and you're it. (Ruby McCoy)

Invite her up to your place for a last drink—cold coffee from a thermos bottle. (Aileen Pringle and Bert Roach)

Home by twelve o'clock—but, man, how spending that last nickel on the subway has aged you! (W. C. Fields)

Step As Fo!

First move in Squat-tag among the footlights. You can't be Scotch and limber up this way.

HELEN MORGAN, that persevering lady so seldom absent from the public eye, has long since reopened in a blaze of new furnishings at the 300 Club, 151 West 54th Street. At our last sitting there, we viewed with utter satisfaction most of the old cast, but then, any show including Bobbie Arnst is O. K. by us. Of course, on a piano is perched the lovely Helen with carved mahogany legs and fluttering fingers.

While we're on the subject of perches and flutterings, we're about to spill a coupla dirt. Heh, heh! We're leffing alreddy. You know how touchy our own J. W. is about having the night life doused and the sidewalks pulled in at three dongs in the A. M.? . . . Gersh, wouldn't it be funny if one night the well-dressed man himself got locked in some place and squeezed between a couple of slabs of granite?

BEING a dancer is all very nice (?), but did you ever stop to think what you have to go through before you arrive at the stage where you can don the spangled B. V. D.'s and leap out to play squat-tag among the foot-lights? The picture at the top of this page from the Michael School of Acrobatic Dancing on West 43rd Street shows how low you have to stoop to conquer. Turning the page slowly from left to right, you have on one side, a high kick, on the other, a split, and as is, just a new position, or a novel way to ask for a chocolate soda. All you can stand at one throw for a dollar.

DON DICKERMAN, that versatile character man, is being successful again. As you probably know, he is Head Hick at the County Fair, Chief Bookie at the Blue Horse, and Captain Kidd at the Pirate's Den. And now what has he done but opened an uptown club, the Heigh-ho at 35 East 53rd Street, which, like all his others, is top-hole, doncher know. Perhaps it's because there are no entertainers, and perhaps it's because the usual pleasing Don Dickerman atmosphere is prevalent. Who knows? At any rate, it's a relief. Rudy Vallee's Yale Collegians supply the moo-sick.

Bobbie Arnst nightly bows her legs for Ziegy's little boy friends, and then dashes over to supply understanding to the 300 Club.

Step Outs

WHEN you start to read another write-up of the Mirador, you may begin to think it's our Alma Mater, but Harry Lauder is making his fifth "Farewell Tour," so, underestimated and underfed as we are, can't we be allowed our little idiosyncrasies? Helen Lyons and Loques Lorraine have been nobly upholding the Mirador standard for dancers. When they start on their tour of the Middle West, they will be replaced by Moss and Fontanna. Although it may be hard to keep up with the changes in entertainers, you can always depend on a roaring good laugh from Ernie Holtz and Orchestra, who, when they're not making it hot for dancing, are clowning through such classics as "She Was Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage."

Also in the money —Helen Morgan of "Show Boat" and her own "show"—the 300 Club.

A seal trainer and his young—Helen Lyons and Locques Lorraine dance, dance, dance, and catch 'em if you can.

Now for a fairy story. Once upon a time there was a Russian named McCarthy who had a leetle Sweedish goil called Rebecca. One day Hans made a fatal break. He said to Rose, "Let's eat." Clarice, being a woman of few words, commonly known as a good "yes woman," merely smiled and gurgled, "Yar." Bearing this in mind, somebody with one eye on business and the other on woman's greatest foible. . . the inability to answer any mention of calories and proteins in the negative . . . got themselves a restaurant, called it the YAR, and made but one rule . . . that you must go fully dressed, in the soup and fish. The food is good, and the futuristic Russia murals are tasty. So the next time the girl-friend says "Let's eat," take her to the YAR at 9 East 54th Street, and let her feast (her eyes) upon the murals, and there y'are.—NAT AND BILL.

Clara Bow about to take French leave sans everything but a stolen Ermine coat—and if you don't THINK so, you're cRAzy. It's Elinor Glyn's "Red Hair," Paramount made it, and Lane Chandler falls for IT.

You'd never think these three musketeers (Claude King, William Austin and Lawrence Grant) were going to cause Clara to Lady Godiva right into an ice-cold bath in the back yard. But that's the game, and Clara's IT

THE KICK in the FOOTLIGHTS

By H. W. Hanemann

At Last, A Reason!

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is adept at confounding his imitators. Surely no one but Ziegfeld would have thought of producing an incident reputed to have happened to Princess Ilena of Roumania on her visit to West Point. Yet here is "Rosalie," glorifying the cradle of our officers and gentlemen, and vindicating royalty on tour. In detail, "Rosalie" has been seen many times before. I find the music tame and the lyrics with a preponderance of "oh, gee's," proving, if anything, that you can't keep a good cigarette out of the public notice. Marilyn Miller is physically and coreographically entrancing and her voice has added richness. Jack Donohue is pedal poetry.

Bobbie Arust and Frank Morgan contribute largely to the luster, and it all slides down without an audible click. You cannot stagger the Ziegfeld sureness.

Miss Miller again (both of them) and one hundred and fifty-eight dollars worth of coq feathers. Lord, Marilyn, but you're ravishing!

Marilyn Miller and what goes on a young lady in Romanza. This is a peasant costume, but she's really a princess, and in love with a handsome American aviator, who is also some sort of an official at West Point. I don't see what I can do about it.

Not the least of the trials of a famous actress are professional relatives gone slightly brown around the edges. Aunt Catherine Calhoun-Doucet and Uncle Orlando Daly are heckling Ann Andrews for parts in her new play.

Queens and Deuces Wild

ACCORDING to "The Royal Family," the home life of the petted idols of the stage is just one long continuous performance of private theatricals carried on with the dramatic restraint, quiet and calm of a Chinese play. Temperaments clash over a cup of coffee, fates are defied, the firmament explodes and the long-suffering servants set it down as a typically dull and uneventful afternoon.

To Miss Wright go the first honors for a magnificent, rounded, beautiful performance. Ann Andrews, Sylvia Field, with a yard or more of her own hair, and Otto Kruger carry their parts of famous daughter, granddaughter and son to a ringing finish. As the Cavendish business manager, Jefferson DeAngelis is understanding and sympathetic and intensely human.

Completely given over to the theatre, "The Royal Family" will charm you beyond expectation—if you are avid for affairs of the theatre. If not, at least it will justify any convictions lingering in the field of opposition that show-folks are otherwise from the rest of us. And surely you can be grateful for *that!*

Otto Kruger and Haidee Wright are a normal mother and son, but why carry on a casual conversation with total disregard for dramatic values?

Yes, sir and madam, here are Edna Leedom and Guy Robertson smack bang in bed together, while Eloise Bennett thinks it's the grandest fun! Colored maids are like that. How do I——? You just hush!

Lovely Lady, Behave!

EDNA LEEDOM'S blonde ebullience in "Lovely Lady" may well give the regular run of polite musical comedy star something to ruminate over. No wistful, wide-eyed, gentle product of Sunshine Alley is Edna, but a toothful go-grabber, kidding Guy Robertson's equally blond tenor personality (not that he doesn't like it) and still carolling, as she did in the "Follies," the trouble she has keeping her boy friends off the reserved sections. Is this the kind of a young lady us gents are going to have to take home and introduce to our mothers?

Besides the impeccable Mr. Robertson, Miss Leedom is further attended by Doris Patston and the usual ultra costumes, scenery, Chester Hale girls, Dave Bennet girls, mustard, custard, ibbety, bibbety, sab . . . Hazel Harris and Wesley Pierce bring a refreshing difference to the dance team through Mr. Pierce's gently wafting Miss Harris about the upper regions with no concern. It's a good trick. But every time I try it on the Little Woman it sets me back something awful!

Edna Leedom doing her best to prove they picked the right title for her show, and having enough IT left over to wreck the New York, New Haven and Hartford. And she'd as soon as not!

Mr. Robinson's violent demise is the players' own mystery, and by the grace of Heaven, and their Harvard degrees, they intend solving it themselves. "The last thing we want here is police," says Edward Ellis, showing excellent judgment and perfect taste.

Amateurs Beware!

"COCK ROBIN," as you might guess, is a mystery play. And the mystery, as you might guess, is who shot Hancock Robinson right in the middle of his part in an amateur performance of an eighteenth century play? As it turns out the perpetrator, though not a member of the audience, has every justification for so doing. Am I making the mystery deeper for you?

With it all, "Cock Robin" is more intelligent than the usual mystery hooey, carefully avoiding the pitfalls of comic maids and blundering detectives. It also permits Miss Beatrice Herford to speak a brilliant little before-the-curtain piece (written by herself, I'll wager) outlining the aims, purposes, disbursements and deficits of the So-and-So Players in their endeavors to send the Night and Day Nursery over the top. "The play," says Miss Herford approximately, "is spicy . . . but there is such a thing as *clean* spice. . . ."

Once out of the rehearsal of the duel which must be repeated at least seventy-four times, "Cock Robin" presents the mild intellectual diversion of a good detective story with a fairly reasonable as those things go, solution.

Henry Southard is throwing Muriel Kirkland a heavy line. Who should be better at throwing lines than an amateur actor?

Champagne—gay, sparkling, and seductive, holding prisoned, so they say, the laughter of the girls of France. Clifton Webb and Beatrice Lillie can take their old Champagne and so forth and so on!

A Lillie in the Hand---

IF anybody ever told me that I would ever see anything funny in that scene where they bring on a table and serve supper to the low comedians, I would borrow the police dog from next door and have the teller severely bitten. However, in "She's My Baby," Beatrice Lillie does it. Whatever there is in "She's My Baby," Miss Lillie does it. Miss Lillie need do nothing other than look out of the corner of her eyes, and there am I, broken in small pieces. Just as Gertrude Lawrence had some pretty terrible material to work with in "Oh, Kay," (including a supper table scene), Beatrice Lillie has some pretty terrible material in "She's My Baby," but it doesn't matter. Along with Clifton Webb she emerges triumphant. As for the music, I prefer Dick Rodgers' "You're What I Need" and "If I Were You" to his "My Heart Stood Still" and "Thou Swell" of "A Connecticut Yankee" any day. And of course there's Miss Lillie's tender "A Baby's Best Friend Is Its Mother."

"Always a mother and never a bride" complains Miss Lillie, while Frank Doane, Jack Whiting and Clifton Webb contemplate her borrowed offspring.

A Word to the Wives

Donald MacDonald has a great plan for a ballet and another for himself and Madge Kennedy. The ballet gets finished, but the business with Miss Kennedy is provocatively busted up by the sudden reappearance of Donn Cook, (on the right). Altogether, Mr. Cook has everything too much his own way.

ALTERNATING the best New Yorker badinage with direct concepts of what makes a successful marriage successful, "Paris Bound" holds out yet another suggestion of what to do until the lawyer comes. Mr. Barry, the author, is evidently of the belief that a compatible husband is worth far more than the sum of his infidelities, which are really none of a good wife's business. The curtain falls on the happy note that the husband doesn't want to hear what his wife has to say to him and that there must never be any unpleasantness between them. He loves her too much!

"Paris Bound" is clever and oh, so smart with the three-quarter-baked sophistication of the Big City's interesting people. Madge Kennedy and Donn Cook do the young couple competently but with the warmth and texture of obsidian. The wise cracks of Mr. Nicander are as a feather, while Miss Williams seems under the impression that she is juggling a medicine ball.

Madge Kennedy with another steaming idea of how you can (and should) combine the sanctity of the home with a complete freedom of expression. Hope Williams, Edwin Nicander and Ellen Southbrook are polite, but they don't think it is nearly as good as what they are waiting to toss off.

"And She Knew by Heart, from Finish to Start, The Book of Iniquity"

"DIVERSION" is the over-harrowing spectacle of love's young dream—than which nothing in life is half so sweet—gone sour. Mr. Richard Bird as the young dreamer lashes himself to a fine frenzy over his unworthy inamorata, a jinking jade who prefers the unequivocal enthusiasm of a prize-fighter's basest impulses to the romantic adoration of a callow youth. Cathleen Nesbitt, ever so welcome again to the American stage, makes a fascinating, enticing enchantress with a thousand devils in her heart, sensuous, stirring, beautiful and bad. The feminine prototype of the dashing dastard in the silk hat and the curly black mustache, she may well wreak havoc with the young of the opposite sex. So completely without proper regard is Miss Nesbitt in her dealings, that Mr. Bird's ultimate violence to her lovely throat is as welcome a relief as the timely advent of the United States Marines.

"Diversion" is palpably "She Ain't Done Right By Our Wyn," but with a modern setting and an inverted "Sorrell and Son" ending. Sir Guy Standing's performance of the physician father who is finally able to help his love-destroyed son is well conceived.

In Cathleen Nesbitt's opinion, all men are only guitar-players grown up. So the doll is both a symbol and an admonition.

How Miss Nesbitt can do this to Richard Bird and not mean it is beyond him and beyond me. It may be that divine stuff he uses on his hair.

A post mortem of last-evening's doings while the Tiger-Lady refurbishes her velvet pads. What Nan Marriot-Watson is telling to Cathleen Nesbitt would make strong men weep with rage.

Let's Go to the Movies

Strong Men and Weak Ladies

THE nice young people you saw in "Underworld" have moved from their tenement quarters in the big city to a hut in the Mexican tropics.

In "The Showdown," Evelyn Brent comes from better folks, but her profile is just as alluring, her frocks as chiffony and her emotions as emotional. George Bancroft is his strong and silent self, and as the last fadeout oozes into the horizon *à la* Charlie Chaplin, nobly renounces all that nice oil and all that pretty lady.

For those frivolous souls who believe that oil's place is in the salad dressing, the picture may hold other attractions. The home life of George and his boy friends, for instance, the personality of the blonde cutey who comes to see them regularly. No, children, she isn't a social worker. Just a little girl who isn't afraid of life, that's all. And when Evelyn arrives on the scene, the way they drop the poor little thing and begin invading Evelyn's room just shows how ungrateful men are.

Stark, raw drama—that's "The Showdown." If you like the other kind, there's always Greta Garbo. It's a Paramount Picture.

Helene Lynch gives Evelyn Brent a cool welcome to jungle society, because——(see next picture)

In the good old days, before Evelyn spoiled everything, Helene had all the strong men a girl could use, with an occasional oily villain in riding boots to add a touch of romance.

"—As the Girl Said to the Sailor"

In Panama, Natalie Joyce tells McLaglen all about the Canal, and he asks her to go rowing with him. Or words to that effect.

"I want you to know my girl," says Victor McLaglen to Robert Armstrong. "I do!" is what Robert is thinking. And it's Louise Brooks' most embarrassing moment.

Sally Rand is Miss Bombay. Oh, what a sailors' snug harbor for Robert Armstrong!

AREN'T sailors the cutest things, especially when there are two of them, and one looks like Robert Armstrong and the other is Victor McLaglen to the life?

In "A Girl in Every Port," Victor McLaglen does all the things a sailor is supposed to do. He has a girl in Buenos Aires, several girls in Panama, a girl in Bombay, in Holland and in the South Sea Islands. His pal, Robert Armstrong, also has girls in all these ports—and has had them before Victor. And that's the plot.

The picture is mostly about the girl in Paris, and we're glad of that, because she is Louise Brooks. The little hussy tried hard enough, but she didn't succeed in separating two sailors. And we're glad of that, too.

(Fox)

A Flapper Tragedy

Sally gets tight in that cute way. It's an art, and you have to have just the right haircut and cunning knees.

Next to his B. V. D.'s, Donald Reed likes Sally O'Neill best. Norman Trevor, Don's papa, arrives at the very hottest moment of the "Mad Hour."

What Sally doesn't do, Alice White does. They've never yet been wet snacks at a party.

"MAD HOUR," Sally O'Neill's latest, reminds us of a couple of lines from the cockney ballad, "'Tis the rich gets all the pleasure, 'tis the poor what gets the blime—"

Sally is the naughtiest, prettiest girl in town. On a wild party she marries the millionaire's son, all legal and everything, but a cruel parent separates them. She has a baby "nearly a year later," it is taken away from her, and she drives the roadster that started it all over a cliff as the ex-hubby is marrying a real nice girl.

Sally's "Mad Hour" produces lots of Grade A petting and young romance before the Final Blow. We like that girl, and think she is due to replace Clara Bow some day. Take a good look at these pictures and see if you don't agree with us.

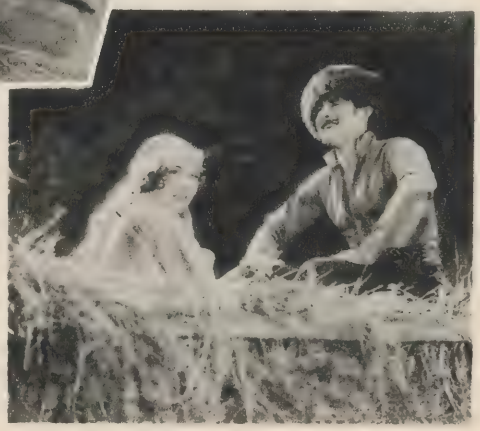
(*First National*)

John Gilbert Steppes Out

"You'll be a good wife," John tells Renée in the final scene of "The Cossacks," "but you'll be a devil to live with." My, my, we do hope that La Greta isn't hidden under the bed, about to spoil it all!

John Gilbert is like as not to give Josephine Borio a taste of his whip. That's part of a Cossack's petting technique.

John in one of his softer moments. Yes, Cossacks have them. Isn't Renée Adorée a lucky kid?



"THE COSSACKS" brings together again John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. It might well be called, "How a Cossack Gets That Way," for as the thrilling plot unreels, John changes from a reluctant, dreamy, æsthetic Cossack into a regular he-Cossack who can slaughter a Turk and beat his wife with the best of them.

Renée likes him better that way, so do the other Cossacks and so does your reviewer. We deplore John when he moons around and yearns. "Don't spare the horses," say we.

Renée is sullen, sexy, and oh, so primitive. We wonder how Elinor Glyn would analyze her particular brand of s. a. We've heard men speak highly of it.

And what has become of the Cossacks these days? Are they still making life a wild and beautiful thing on the Russian steppes, or have the Bolsheviki taught them manners? Photography by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Just a Good Cry

One of the few happy moments in "Street Angel's" life, when she isn't being captured by the police, being hustled into a transparent kimona by a Madame, or having her portrait painted.

Charles Farrell gives ear to the liquid Italian vowels of Natalie Kingston

IF we may go on quoting, "Street Angel" (Fox) resembles a certain pome by Robert W. Service which a friend of ours recites after the fifth Runkomalt:

"I hailed me a woman from the street,
Shameless, but, oh, so fair!
I sat her high in the model's seat
And painted her sitting there."

If you'll let him go on, you'll eventually discover that the naughty lady's soul shone through, and that the picture turned out to be the picture of a saint with a halo and everything. A nice trick to play on a girl!

"Street Angel" is very Italian—all hoosgows, houses of ill fame and sick mammas in fireless atties.

And how Janet Gaynor suffers! She tries to be a woman of the streets, but fails for lack of It, we suppose. Between jails, the circus, and Charles Farrell, she gets her portrait painted, but that doesn't save her from the land of the transparent kimona—and that itsn't the half of it.

Oh, dear, we don't like Janet in this picture!

The sneakiest gendarme wouldn't think of looking for a girl in a drum, of all places!

These Sports Are All Wet

COMING into its own in the United States is the great international kicking game, known as Association football, football, soccer or what have you.

The national open championship, which now is reaching the final stages, drew an entry of more than 300 clubs—a handsome entry in any league. The tourney is divided into an Eastern and Western division, with the champion in each meeting in a final for the American crown. In the last six years or so the American Soccer League, a ten-club Eastern professional circuit, has monopolized the honors, but Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis are kicking their way to the front.

A distinguishing feature of soccer is that it is played in snowstorms, howling blizzards, cloudbursts, zero weather and when a mid-summer sun is burning the pitch to a crisp brown. Such clubs as the New York Nationals (owned by the New York Giants Baseball Club) and the New York Giants (which have no connection with the baseball club) import players from Scotland, England, Canada, Vienna, Hungary, Sweden and Palestine.

In transferring from the deck of speed boat, running wide open, to the Jacob's ladder hanging from a biplane, an unfailing sense of timing is essential, for a ducking is only the least of the mishaps that can take place.

(UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD)

(*Above*) *The Brooklyn Wanderers and the New York Giants are playing an American Soccer League game in weather that is far more appropriate for sculling.*

(WIDE WORLD PHOTOS)

WHEN Bob Jones, below (the Atlanta lawyer himself has asked not to be called Bobby), plays in moist weather it rains cats, dogs and birdies, for he punishes Old Man Par with a constant intensity whether wet or dry.

Bob is not going to defend his British open crown this year, which is good news to the British pros, but he will seek the American open, which is bad news to the American pros, and will defend his American amateur honors. The American pros are not groaning over the possible loss of first prize money (this is no joke) in the Open, but over their future earnings if an amateur takes the crown. It's this way—a pro who wins the Open can command fancy figures for his playing because he is the Open champion, but if an amateur wins—it's just tough.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

IF the officials had not made diving a matter of higher mathematics, Miss Belle White, English star, diving from a 90-foot cliff, would have set a record. But no one can deny the beauty of her dive, official or not.

In a Mollberg's dive (reverse somersault; take-off forward you may find that the multiplicator, which is the degree of difficulty, when applied to the judges' award of say 7.5, will give you a final mark of 17.25, if the degree of difficulty is 2.3. Were you rated 8.5 for a double Mollberg, the multiplicator of which is 1.9 from a 12 metre board, your mark would be 16.15.

All of which means that fancy diving is more complicated than rolling off a board. Yet we can blame the International Federation for its impenetrable defense against fake champions. Equality of conditions must prevail to determine a real champion.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

(Continued from page 7)

brothers. Gwynneth saw Rosemarie and smiled at her. She saw Richie and gave him the same smile warmed up. He was startled at the lovely smile Rosemarie tossed to Gwynneth. No figuring these women.

"We'll dance," said Rosemarie. "I'll not have that woman think she broke up my evening."

"You're quite right, Sweetheart," said Richie. "We'll dance and we'll take lots of encores, won't we?"

THEY danced. Nobody could dance like Rosemarie. She danced like a thistledown, a breeze and a straw hat on a windy day.

"When we get back to our table, I expect you to have your alibi ready."

Richie looked hurt. "Alibi? I'll tell you the truth."

"Maybe you'd better not. It would be stepping away from your usual routine."

"That's plain nasty."

The music stopped and began again. Once more Rosemarie and Richie moved around the floor. Great is the magic and the enchantment of the dance.

"Have you got your story set yet?" Rosemarie asked.

"You'll hear it, my dear."

Back at the table again, with liquid refreshments and menacing glances between them. Richie began his story. Rosemarie's lips looked amused and very red and very inviting. Heavens, how he fancied that woman, and Lord, what a time he'd have making her believe his story.

"You see, Darling, I came back from my brother's at two o'clock and I sat down to write them a rye-and-bitters letter. I finished it and was just making for the mail chute when what do you think I saw?"

"An angel writing in a book of gold?" suggested Rosemarie.

"No, dear, but you were close. I saw a cat, a beautiful cat."

"What were her initials?"

"No fooling, a beautiful cat. A Persian cat with a simply incredible tail ——"

"Something like this one, I suppose?"

"You make it very difficult for me, Rosemarie. Indeed you do. Anyhow, I saw this cat and it was a beautiful cat and I knew that it was worth a lot of money and that somebody was probably looking for it. So I picked it up in my arms and started for the stairway. And whom do you suppose I ran into?"

"Gwynneth Kingston," said Rosemarie, promptly.

Nobody could dance like Rosemarie. She danced like thistledown, a breeze, a straw hat on a windy day. . . .

"Right. There she was tearing up the stairs. You know what I mean, running up the stairs. Not tearing up the stairs. Stairs are marble. Anyhow, Gwynneth saw me——"

"She was in negligée you said?" asked Rosemarie.

"Well, of course it was late so she'd naturally not be dressed," Richie said, apologetically. Then he laughed. "If I'm not a fool, Rosemarie, letting you play your little tricks on me. Why, that was actually clever the way you made me think for a moment that she—Oh, dear me," Richie laughed till he thought he'd die while Rosemarie watched him calmly.

The orchestra began to suggest "The Melody Lingers On" and Rosemarie jumped to her feet with a purposeful look in her eye. "I'll hear the rest of your alibi later," she said.

The dance came to an end and as they returned to their table Gwynneth and Rosemarie smiled adoringly at each other across the room.

"AND to go on," said Richie, "Gwynneth saw me with the cat in my arms. She asked me to bring it down to her apartment, as her arms were bare and the cat's claws were all déshabillé. Really, Rosemarie, you never saw such claws. Funny how such a peaceable animal as the cat has such terrible claws. Authorities, however, disagree on the original reason for claws The Austrian authority says that——"

Rosemarie glared successfully. Richie picked up an end of his story and bravely trudged on. "Well, Gwynneth asked me to carry the cat to her apartment, as it's a very valuable cat and she didn't want to lose it. In fact, when she takes it out on the street, she takes it on a collar and leash. Naturally enough, I obliged her. I carried the cat downstairs and I had no sooner set it down in Gwynneth's foyer than the darn feline turned around and got out again. I had a devil of a time catching her. Finally managed to corner her, though."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Rosemarie, and her voice was as pleasant as smallpox.

Richie looked at her pleadingly and hurried on glibly.

"So this time when I brought the cat back to Gwynneth, I closed the door before I put her down. Gwyn-

neth thanked me and I opened the door a little to depart, and, would you believe it, didn't that cursed cat try to get out again? You know, Darling, a cat can get out through the smallest places. It's really remarkable. Every time I opened the door a little tiny bit, out that cat would start."

"Wait a moment, Richie, let me get this straight. This is the same cat that Gwynneth has a collar and leash for?"

"The same cat," said Richie, innocently, "and I give you my word of honor, Darling, that I couldn't open that door without the cat making a bolt for freedom. You know, cats can get out through the tiniest places."

"So what happened?" asked Rosemarie.

"So the upshot was, Sweetheart, that I had to stay in Gwynneth's apartment till the cat fell asleep!"

"I see," said Rosemarie. "And I suppose you stood with your hand over the keyhole so the cat wouldn't get away."

"Now, you're kidding me," said Richie. "Really, you don't know what a night I put in. That cat climbed up curtains, turned cartwheels, played with a ball, drank milk, and did everything but go to sleep. Gwynneth and I sang lullabies, and would you believe it that cat never dozed till seven o'clock this morning."

SILENCE fell between Richie Smith and his true love. At last Richie said, "You don't believe me. All the while I was telling you this story I kept asking myself if you were big enough and fine enough to recognize the truth when you saw it. Rosemarie, my dear, you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But I can forgive you."

"No more nonsense," Rosemarie cut in. "Now listen to me——"

Richie was watching her and was amazed to see a glorious, bright smile break over her face all without warning. He looked around. Gwynneth Kingston was standing at their table. Richie got to his feet like the true gentleman he was.

"Do sit down," said Gwynneth, prettily. "I'm just here to say hello."

"Well, then, hello," said Richie.

"Miss Kingston," said Rosemarie, "do Persian prize-winning cats crave freedom?"

"Not often," returned Gwynneth. "When the urge comes on, you can put a leash on them and tie it to a chair or something. I threw the collar and leash away yesterday. I felt so bad when I looked at it. You could have had it if you'd wanted it." Gwynneth's lovely, gray eyes looked a little weepy. "I almost wish I hadn't sold my pussy cat," she said, "but I was home so seldom."

She drifted away to join a mob at another table.

"YOU see?" said Rosemarie, "Gwynneth didn't have a cat last night."

"She did!" cried Richie. "She did. You see it was this way: she sold the cat yesterday, which means that she had received a check for it, but she hadn't given the cat over yet to the buyer. That made her doubly anxious to keep the cat from escaping."

"Richie, Richie, Richie! I bought the cat from Gwynneth Kingston. It has been in my apartment since twelve noon yesterday."

"Oh, it has, has it?" asked Richie. "Then you've gone and ruined the best alibi ever thought out."

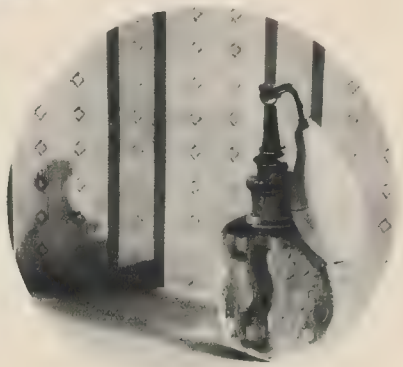
Gloomily Richie looked at Rosemarie. Then he began to speak again.

"Rosemarie," he said, "did you believe that I was trying to furnish an alibi? Did you for a moment think that I expected you to swallow that story? It was only a diversion, my dear, a little light comedy. The penalty for not diverting a lady is serious indeed. Our great American winter sport is diverting pretty ladies. I thought from the start that you were worldly enough and human enough to guess that that yarn was meant to be amusing. Yes, I was in Gwynneth Kingston's apartment last night. I'm not the sort who calls on my brother's family and thinks it's been a full and complete evening. I'm human, Rosemarie, and Gwynneth Kingston is a good sport. I don't want to marry her. I want to marry you but, Rosemarie, I'll tell you right now that I'll never forget those hours in Gwynneth's apartment. Good Heavens, how that girl can play checkers!"

FOR SNAPPY SHOPPERS

YOU don't have to be trailing idly up and down the Lido or Palm Beach to stut this pyjama prettily. It shines up just as swell and with a hint more of sophistication at your own bridge table. Hand-painted bards and troubadours, harlequins and Pierrots, and futuristic graee-notes all dashed over with still more and more hungry color. Two-piece outfit, $49.50. The coat alone, $25.

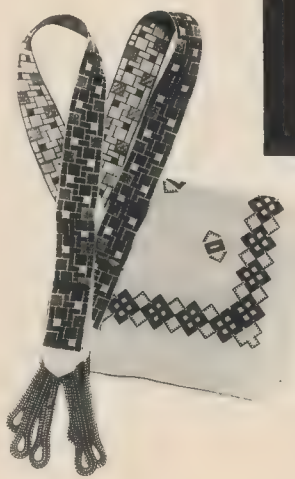
"COCKTAIL HOUR!" tick-tocks the sport watch. 'Nuff. Right here we've got to be serious so you'll believe it when we cross our heart this is a $25.00 timepiece. Got hold of it at wholesale; giving it to you the same. Guaranteed one year. Design is a smart white and green gold combination, curved to fit the tennis-playing or typewriting hand, but the sports strap is removable to be replaced with ribbon or wide link bracelet for evening. *And*, believe it or not, $15.00.



WHETHER we listen to the old poets or the winsome wail of the advertisers we can't miss the fact that hair is our crowning glory. The shinier the better. Well 'sworth trying. The "gok" we recommend has several advantages; no alcohol nor grease, so you can curl right over it; made of hair-nourishing stuff; and best of all you spray it on. Complete outfit, $1.50. Refills (bottle without atomizer), $.75.

ALL you've got to do is send us a check and we'll do the rest—almost all, that is; mentioning sizes and colors is quite admsable. SNAPPY SHOPPER, *119 West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City.*

POSED BY FRANCES UPTON OF THE ZIEGFELD PRODUCTIONS
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



TO whet the imagination is the sole object and purpose in life of the "Strap-in." Bits of black chantilly lace perilously holding flesh-colored chiffon bandeau and panties together—the trickery is transparent to any eye. The result should be worth even $14.95.

BY this time it's no news at all to you that no really well-dressed gen'lman is without his suspenders, galluses, or as our British brothers have it, "brices." So the next time you zip the zipper to your new-fangled dress trousers, 'member I warned you. Any trousers at all, dress or not, will be given an air by these black and white silk ones with a scarf to go with. Suspenders, $2.50. Scarf, $3.00. By the set, $5.00.

The baby's health had been lavishly toasted. . . .

Bookworms are *So* Dumb

By Bil Hebert

Illustration by Jefferson Machamer

AFTER a while Leslie slumped off Sande's circular couch and landed, cross-legged and a trifle penitent, on the floor.

That is the slothful character of Sande Whitledge's apartment. The furniture is all built so close to the floor that you never really avail yourself or rid yourself of it in a normal way. You either slump on to it or you slump off of it. Regardless of your condition, however, you never slump under it. That would be impossible.

To be somewhat abrupt about all this, though, there is nothing reasonably Occidental about any feature of the premises. Even Sande. He is sufficiently Caucasian, I mean, but just happened to be born with sloe eyes and fast inclinations, and you know what perfectly hazardous gamboliers such creatures turn out to be.

"I do *so* think I should go home to my husband," said Leslie.

Sande ceased contemplating the ceiling. He could be delightfully solicitous.

"Did you ever hear the story of the three bears?" he inquired.

"Oh, let's be sane about this," Leslie insisted. "Or at least sanitary. Roscoe is really *so* helpless. Bookworms are *so* dumb."

"Don't be ridiculous, Honey. We're celebrating the baby's birthday!"

And that is precisely what they had been doing.

The party had been just about as good a party as any baby ever had. The baby's health had been lavishly toasted, for one thing. It had not, however, been jeopardized as most babies' healths are by the utterly absurd practice of tossing the baby toward the ceiling and shouting "oop-a-day," because that, you know, is no way to treat a baby who has attained to twenty-three years of well-appointed womanhood. And Leslie had expressly chosen that Sunday to be twenty-three. Sunday is such a dull day anyway.

"Get your hat," said Leslie with finality, "and convey me over to Astoria with despatch. If Roscoe isn't there, we'll come back."

So Sande, being somewhat of a fatalist, secured wraps and otherwise obeyed instructions.

It must have been eleven p. m. when he and Leslie arrived at Roscoe's Book Nook in Astoria —one of those below-stairs book shops with a neighborhood clientele and not such an awful lot of same.

It's an orthodox book shop in that Roscoe hangs a three-foot blackboard beside the entrance every morning that offers "Any book in this collection 25c," and then mentions the titles in the collection. It is orthodox in that Roscoe has a desk close to the front window, sitting at which he writes juvenile matter for one cent a word and sometimes less. In fact, the only thing unorthodox about Roscoe's Book Nook is Leslie.

Roscoe has a woman come in daily to dust up the three rooms in the rear of the shop so that Leslie can bestow her prettiest attentions on whoever may choose to buy, and thereby give Roscoe leisure for proper devotion to his favorite occupation: tracing the hilarious adventures of the Ducky-Down Twins.

LESLIE can be very gracious and has been almost entirely responsible for just about all the business the Book Nook has acquired in the two years since Roscoe and she got out of college and wed. The occasional advent of young men, like Sande, whose only books are women's looks and small, practical volumes of cocktail recipes, helped to make her otherwise achromatic existence tolerable. But, be that as it may, the fact is you'd buy books from Leslie that you wouldn't buy from anybody else. You'd buy them and never read them. Furthermore, you'd buy them *knowing* you were never going to read them, and that was true of women as well as men, because women are easily won by a pretty woman who gives every indication of being faithful to a dull husband, though they are religiously prompt about applying the feline boycott once the wife lapses in her constancy, as we shall see.

But let's get on with the story.

Leslie unlocked the Book Nook door, snapped on lights and preceded Sande in.

"Roscoe!" she called clearly.

No voice responded. Investigation revealed that Roscoe was not at home.

"If Roscoe has one vice it's chianti," said Leslie. "Right now he is probably over in that Italian place near the Circle paying thirty-five cents a cup for it."

"Exorbitant," Sande commented dispassionately. "Did I understand you to say that Roscoe has an income independent of this notion nursery?"

"Uh-huh. He writes. And besides that, at twenty-five he will come in to a man's size inheritance."

"Splendid. But let's get along."

"Oh. I must leave him a note." Leslie said. "Although he will probably be in no condition to read it when he gets home."

"Good. Hurry."

"Oh, damn. Let me have some paper, Sande."

"Paper, Honey? What should I be doing with paper? There is all kinds of it on the desk there."

"I wouldn't dare touch it!" Leslie informed him. "Roscoe becomes so vicious if I disturb his desk the lenses almost dart out of his glasses."

"Poor darling. I'm sorry."

"Don't be so damned casual," Leslie snapped. "I've got to leave him a note to keep him from calling up everyone in New York to find out where I am. And if I write him on a scrap of paper he's so everlastingly abstracted and nearsighted he'd probably never see it. For that mat——"

"Look here!" Sande ordered. He had been looking about him archly and his gaze had lighted on the blackboard, which Roscoe always stood upon the radiator just inside the door when closing up.

"Why not rub out this junk and chalk up your message on the bulletin board. Coming in he can't miss it."

Leslie kissed him indolently in reward for his discernment, procured a damp cloth and having erased "Any book in this collection," et cetera, substituted her instructions. After that it was merely a matter of locking up the Book Nook. So many things can be stolen from a book shop or a dull husband.

Came the rosy dawn, quite as nosy as rosy, and everybody in New York ventured a polite titter on picking up the morning paper, because the name of Sande Whitledge was on the front page again, this time in a most indelicate headline concerning an apartment house fire in which "A woman giving her name as Mrs. Roscoe Harris was borne from the Whitledge apartment partly asphyxiated by smoke from a fire thought to have originated when the woman, lying on a circular divan, dozed and dropped her cigarette among the pillows." If Whitledge was in the apartment—the papers said—when the fire broke out, he had rapidly vacated by the time neighboring tenants discovered it, for he could not be found at that time, and no charges were made.

Everybody contributed a sly grin to the fund of comment on the incident. That is, everybody but Roscoe, who, ten chances to one, didn't see the paper, and his neighborhood clientele, which took the news hard. Chianti invariably afflicted Roscoe with a desperate hangover, so that he didn't arise until long after the Book Nook should have been thrown open to the public. When he did arise he took a cold plunge, put on his glasses and went for the blackboard very briskly. If activity could shake off the "head," active he would be! This was routine stuff. He snatched the three-foot bulletin off the radiator, opened the door and hung the board on its accustomed hook outside. After that he undertook to go over some of the volumes with a feather duster. It was while thus engaged that he began to notice that his shop front was getting an unusual amount of attention from passers-by. Some of them were actually stopping in the street to laugh at it. Roscoe became quite distressed and decided to investigate.

He took the shock head on.

"Roscoe, dear," the blackboard said, "I am staying with Rita Wells tonight. Don't call up; I'll be home first thing in the morning. And listen, dear; don't forget your bath in the morning. . . . Leslie."

Roscoe reddened, tore the sign off its hook, and stepped inside. The door banged at his heels, and two of the neighborhood kids pointed fingers at him.

"Oh-h-h, Roscoe," they jeered.

Not long after that Leslie came in to find him engaged in restoring the former and less intimate announcement to the board's surface.

"Hello, honey," she said.

Roscoe did not look at her directly. He had to think of something to say.

"Good morning, dear . . . ah, is Rita well Wells—er Wells well—oh, hell's bells! How's Rita?"

Leslie abandoned all prearranged plans for explanation and amelioration. He hadn't seen the papers!

"Just dandy. You got my note, then?"

"Yes, got it first thing. Clever thought, putting it where nobody could miss it."

"Uh-huh."

And the matter would then have been dropped between them—for, having served its usefulness as news, the papers dropped the story of the fire—but for the fact that all that day not one soul came into the Book Nook. No single sale was made. No casual browser passed the portal. All of which appeared to mystify and worry Roscoe no end.

"It's not as though our living depended on it," he explained to Leslie, "because in two months I'll come into that legacy. But what the devil do you suppose could have——"

Leslie turned away. Poor, unsuspecting Roscoe. What a rock of value he was!

"Oh, I shouldn't have done it," she said, and suddenly, tears stood in her eyes.

"Done what, my dear?"

"I shouldn't have—er—written that note on the blackboard."

"And why not? It was a splendid idea!"

"But—but it has made you look ridiculous."

"Nonsense, Honey. I was merely afraid it might prove embarrassing for you!" Then, with a sly look at her he added, "I think you'll admit I rarely concern myself with my own skin first!" You see, at least six reporters had got Roscoe out of bed at

four a. m. of a certain morning to confirm an item about his wife, and at least five of them had given him thoroughly accurate details as to why they wished to know, but, as Leslie remarked, bookworms are *so* awfully dumb.

"I've found that that's *so true*," Leslie admitted. "But, honey, I won't do it again."

"Won't write on the blackboard?"

"No, won't stay away from you one whole night!"

"Not even if—er—*Rita* asks you?"

"No matter *who* asks!"

Roscoe's eyes glittered sharply behind his glasses. "Then stand back, honey. I'm going to put a sign out now assuring the customers that I've taken that bath and it's all right to come in."

Which wasn't such a tough way out of a tough situation, now, was it?

The Two Sexes

By Elizabeth Montefiore

He was walking up Fifth Avenue trying to drown the ache in his heart in the vast sea of humanity that surged there. He loved his wife devotedly, yet he knew she was not happy with him. She was restless and unsatisfied. She craved "expression." She was trying just now to find it in a tragically unsuccessful attempt at writing. What was the matter with the modern woman anyway? Didn't home and husband and children offer enough opportunity for expression to even so vital a creature as this gypsy-eyed woman he had married? Apparently not. He felt lost and lonely. There was real comfort in the tide of humanity that ebbed and flowed about him, though he was too preoccupied to be conscious of them as individuals. Lovely women glanced at his stalwart length in frank approval, and passed on, a little piqued at his imperviousness.

At Thirty-ninth Street, however, the heavy, sensuous odor of gardenias impinged upon his consciousness. His wife had worn a gardenia in her black hair that first wonderful night. The scent, laden with memories, focused his wandering attention.

Lord, what a creature! Her splendid, blonde beauty clutched at his throat. The woman, evidently accustomed to attention, must have been struck by the unusual gasping quality of his admiration. She flashed him a bold glance from eyes of an unbelievable blueness. The fragrance of the gardenias at her bosom was overpowering in its sweetness. A cold sweat stood out on his forehead. He shuddered. He felt as if he had been untrue to his wife again. For he belonged to the polygamous sex, and loved all women.

She was walking down lower Fifth Avenue in search of atmosphere for a new story. The young Russian she had met at several village teas had seemed promising. She searched out his curio shop and entered gaily. He displayed his flamboyant wares with suave gestures. His black eyes were bold. Her own gypsy eyes flashed encouragement. Behind the black and gold Chinese screen where he kept his collection of jade, he took her, unresisting, into his arms. His eager young mouth found her lips. They were cold—cold as Siberia. For she belonged to the monogamous sex. She loved but one person—herself.

Just like in all the fairy stories, Charles Farrell goes to Mr. Fox's orphan asylum and picks the ugly duckling for his love, while the beautiful sister stands by giving him dirty looks. Now you broadcast your own bedtime story! If you LIKE Turkish, you'll ADORE "Fazile."

DAVID ROLLS AND THELMA HILL PLAYING "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL" IN MODERN CLOTHES. THELMA IS LADY MACBETH AND DAVID IS HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST (FOX COMEDY, "LOVE IS BLONDE.")

THELMA—*What's the matter? You aren't shy, are you?*

DAVID—*Yes, the necessary cash.*

DOLORES DEL RIO IS MAKING RECORDS FOR BRUNSWICK, BUT IT'S TWO TO ONE SHE DOESN'T RECORD WHAT ROLAND DREW IS SAYING TO HER NOW. YOU'LL SEE THIS UNITED ARTISTS VERSION OF "RAMONA" SOON AT YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE.

ROLAND—*Wonderful night! Beautiful girl! What a combination.*

DOLORES—*Heavens, is that showing!*

RAYMOND HATTON AND WALLACE BEERY IN "PARTNERS IN CRIME," BUT HEY—MARY BRIAN DOESN'T LOOK SO CRIMINAL-ISH. (PARAMOUNT.)

MARY—*But Daddy, I wouldn't have to necessarily marry my boss if I became a stenographer.*

WALLACE—*That's just it.*

(Continued from page 13)

It would fluff and curl and fly about in fine golden strands when Christine admired black hair that conformed to the shape of the head. The dimples were the last straw. With a sigh, Christine left the mirror.

Downstairs she could hear her father greeting Temple Barton. They had far more than a tooth-yanking acquaintance and their discussions of politics and sporting events often included words that Christine preferred not to hear. She closed the doors on their voices.

One could do nothing, however, when the employers of these same words were lady friends of one's mother. When Mrs. Deshanne told the story that even Christine understood, it was a horrible moment. Christine had blushed, of course, but the story lingered in her mind for days. Fancy anyone daring to tell such a thing! Mrs. Deshanne said, "When I told that story to Billy, he nearly died." Mrs. Deshanne was Mrs. Frederick Deshanne. Christine wondered if she wasn't fooling. Surely she had never—but still things were very strange outside of Miss McDuffus'.

TEMPLE BARTON continued to come twice a week. Christine tried to make things pleasant for him. She racked her brain for episodes that had made her laugh at school. He never laughed. Of course there were people who did not laugh but enjoyed things just as much anyway. This thought consoled Christine.

Once he had dinner with his friend the dentist, and Christine wore her white silk. She looked quite nice, she thought, but Temple Barton never glanced at her. He was a strange fellow. Cuckoo, her mother said.

One day while he waited for Dr. Bancroft, Christine told him all about the initiations into the sorority that had held first place at Miss McDuffus'. It was against the rules to tell, but she had to amuse Mr. Barton as he waited his chance in the chair. He hadn't been noticeably overawed by the impressive ritual that Christine described.

"I don't think I'm very entertaining," she ventured at length. There was a tear very close to life and her lips were trembling. He had been almost rude in his inattentiveness.

"You're not!" he exploded. "I hate to be bored—that's why I live alone. Can't you talk about music, football, books, the stage, the rotten liquor we're getting or anything but Miss McGinnis' School for Girls? I'll have to get a new dentist if you don't stop! Everything was fine till they let you come home."

Christine got away somehow or other. Blindly she climbed the stairs to her room. The tears were streaming down her face, but that was a matter of small importance. She fell on the bed and, face buried in the pillow, she sobbed without caring whether or not she was heard. No one had ever hurt her with such cruel determination. He had wanted to hurt her. For days he had sat in that chair thinking these thoughts while she tried so hard to make him like her. She was in love with him, that was the whole trouble. He had his choice of any girl in the suburb, and probably of a great many outside it. Now he'd never love her. She had mixed her own carbolic cocktail with her stupid efforts to make interesting conversation. She vowed that she would never see him again.

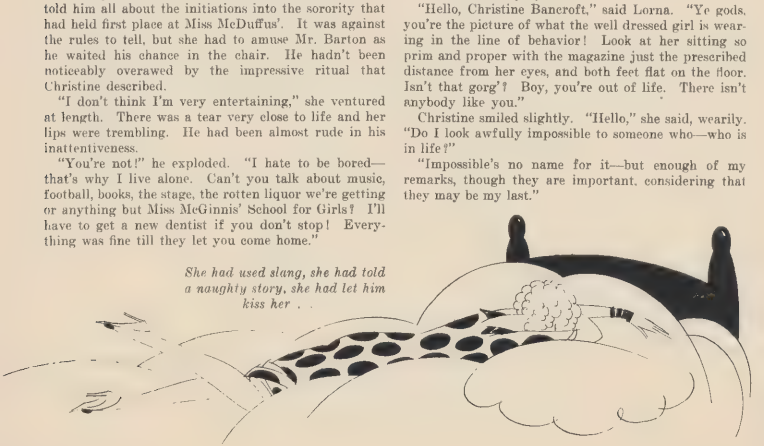
It was the next day that Christine sat in the reception room, a sad-eyed Christine. She dared to sit there today, because Temple Barton had no appointment until Friday. She liked the reception room. People came in and out and talked to her. Her own room was dull, and mother was always out at tea or somewhere like that. Solemnly, Christine turned the pages of an ancient magazine and thought of something else. She thought of Temple Barton.

THE bell rang, and Lorna Rosemont came in—Lorna, with her dark curls tousled and her smart little demon of a hat clasped between her well-kept fingers. She was a trifle white and tired-looking but her crimson lips smiled and a steady flow of slang and silliness dropped from them. Christine had seen her once before. She ran with the young speedy set that opened brazen arms to Temple Barton and laughed at his consistent dodging.

"Hello, Christine Bancroft," said Lorna. "Ye gods, you're the picture of what the well dressed girl is wearing in the line of behavior! Look at her sitting so prim and proper with the magazine just the prescribed distance from her eyes, and both feet flat on the floor. Isn't that gorg'? Boy, you're out of life. There isn't anybody like you."

Christine smiled slightly. "Hello," she said, wearily. "Do I look awfully impossible to someone who—who is in life?"

"Impossible's no name for it—but enough of my remarks, though they are important, considering that they may be my last."



She had used slang, she had told a naughty story, she had let him kiss her . .

"Why? What's the matter, Miss Rosemont?"

Lorna significantly touched a place directly beneath one sparkling dark eye. "Tooth lodged here, your old man and a flock of x-rays said. He's got to go digging till he finds it. If it's left in there I'll have everything from leprosy to bunions. He said so."

"Well, certainly you won't die," Christine said soothingly. "It may be a complicated operation, but surely not a critical one."

"Who cares?" said Lorna, inconsistently. "I've got my nerve with me."

She reached into the pocket of her suede coat and drew out a pretty little silver flask which she held up to her very red lips. Christine uttered a horrified gasp. Her mother had said that Lorna's crowd drank.

Lorna couldn't have gotten more than a taste, for at that minute the frosted doors opened and Dr. Bancroft stood on the threshold. His erstwhile patient thankfully scuttled out of sight and the dentist surveyed Lorna disapprovingly.

"That is cowardly, Miss Rosemont," he said. "I thought you were one of the courageous younger set."

"Don't be silly. It's easy to be courageous when you only have ideals to give up," said Lorna, "but it's hard when it's a tooth you've got to sacrifice with a whole face holding it back."

Dr. Bancroft smiled. "It will be very simple," he assured her.

"All right. Let's go," said Lorna.

The dentist led her gently toward his work room, taking the flask from her and handing it to Christine as he did so.

THE frosted doors closed behind them and Christine looked at the flask. It belonged to Lorna Rosemont. Lorna, who could talk about football, books, the stage and no end of other things. The initials looked absurdly confident and sure of themselves. She wondered what Miss McDuffus would think if she knew that her favorite pupil was holding a platinum-striped whiskey flask in her hand. She remembered that Lorna had raised it to her lips with a careless, familiar motion. It couldn't taste terrible, or Lorna couldn't have done that. Christine's own mother drank a bit. There was no harm in it, perhaps, and it soothed pain. "I hate to be bored," he had shouted at her. Christine was in awful pain.

It tasted terrible, but there was a warm, furry feeling that followed the dreadful taste. Christine thought she saw how soothing it could be.

Again the little platinum-striped flask tilted to her lips and Christine's golden head reached back to receive the warm brown liquor.

Inside the workroom there was a silence. Lorna was far away. Lorna, who said she was impossible. That for Lorna! And Christine snapped her fingers in the direction of the unconscious girl. She drank again. She was a bit wobbly. She closed her eyes for a second and watched the colors of the sun dance through her lashes. That was funny and Christine laughed. It was a long time since she had laughed. Why was that? Oh, well, it was all so strange here. Lorna had said she was a person out of life. No doubt true, that. Lorna was probably very smart. She most likely knew stories like the one Mrs. Deshanne had told. Christine consulted the flask again. Funny how one gets the giggles over nothing at all. Sitting was a bore. No, not a bore. Christine hated that word bore. Sitting was tiresome. She stretched full length on the divan. Her skirts were up to her knees. Her hair was wild across temples and forehead. She giggled gleefully as she watched her father's shadow on the frosted door.

SUDDENLY Christine was not alone. She looked around and saw Temple Barton standing over her. She giggled.

"Hello, Temple Barton," she said. Cute trick of Lorna's, calling people by their full name.

"Hello, Miss McDuffus' prize pupil," he said.

"Don't be silly," said Christine. "I've got my nerve with me." She reached again for the flask, and this time drained it.

Barton was smiling down at her. It was a strange smile.

"I dropped in to tell you that I was sorry about yesterday," he said. "Sometimes I am a bit hasty."

"You're cuckoo," chirped Christine.

He laughed. It was the first time she had made him laugh. He was sitting down beside her, pushing her skirts to do so.

"You sure are plastered," he said.

"Yes, isn't it gorg'?"

"Suppose your father sees you like this?"

"Who cares?" Lorna-ed Christine. "Don't be so prim and proper, Boy. You're out of life."

Temple Barton grew serious. His brows got together and made him look thoughtful.

"Suppose we go for a ride," he suggested. "It will do you good. I don't want you to get murdered."

"All right. Let's go," said Christine.

They drove for miles. Christine felt so cozy and happy with him beside her. Nothing mattered but the fact that he wasn't bored. Everything seemed too perfect to be real. Occasionally he looked at her and smiled. Christine liked him to smile. She wanted to make him laugh, too. As he hadn't laughed at any of her boarding-school stories, she decided to tell him Mrs. Deshanne's. She told him that one. It was a riot. Temple Barton told her one in return. It was puzzling, but she pretended to enjoy it. Twice he kissed her. Mad, joyous kisses that left her breathless and flushed.

At last he brought her back to the house. It had been rather lovely, but she was glad to see him go. She wanted to think. Things didn't seem as funny now as they did a while ago. She lay down and drifted away on green, palpitating waves.

When Christine awakened, she realized what she had done. She had put herself beyond the pale No man would ever want to marry her now, least of all Temple Barton. She had been under the influence of liquor, she had used slang, she had told a naughty story, had listened to one and had let him kiss her. Respect was out of the question. Marriage, too, for she could not marry without telling about her past. (*See page* 54)

JACK MULHALL PLAYS A BACKYARD ROMEO TO DOROTHY MACKAILL'S JULIET WITH A DIAMOND RING INSTEAD OF A BALCONY. ANY GIRL WOULD SAY THIS WAS AN IMPROVEMENT ON SHAKESPEARE. (M-G-M'S "LADY BE GOOD")

DOROTHY—*Yes, I will, but first you must promise to give up wine, women and song.*

JACK—*Sure, darling, already I've stopped singing.*

We'd all know this was Mary Astor, in spite of the earrings, but we'd never guess it was the gusty Edmund Lowe all slicked up for his new slicker part in Fox's forthcoming underworld knock-out "Dressed to Kill." Mary's just asked Edmund if there have been any big men born in his home-town—and Edmund has to admit, "No, only babies."

FRANCES LEE AND BOBBY VERNON DEMONSTRATE THE LATEST CULTURE IN CALIFORNIAN SUNKISSED TULIPS. (PARAMOUNT CHRISTIE.)

FRANCES—*Haven't we met some place before?*

BOBBY—*Well, your lips* do *taste familiar.*

(*Continued from page 52*)

She did not cry. It was useless. She adored Temple, would never forget him, but everything was so futile now. She slept again and awakened with a murderous headache. She welcomed it. It was what she deserved.

SHE saw him next day. He came into the reception room with a wicked, knowing smile in his eyes and a perfectly conventional one on his lips. She would try to show him that she wasn't the low creature that he must think her.

"How do you do, Mr. Barton," she said gravely. Her skirts were well pulled down and her feet were flat on the floor.

"Greetings. How's the headache?"

"Oh!" Christine was startled. How did he know she had a headache? "It's doing nicely, thank you. I have taken an asperin tablet. We always took asperin tablets at Miss McDuffus'. I remember one day a very funny thing happened there about——"

Temple blinked quickly and looked at her. His eyes were full of good-humored disgust. She couldn't quite understand his expression, but she knew that he was the most wonderful man that ever lived. Oh, to belong to him forever! She caught her breath up short as she thought of those two reckless, alcoholic kisses. How she loved him! She would do anything if only she could be his wife—but that wasn't for her.

"Christine!" He caught both her hands in his and held them tightly. "I saw through your mother's game," he said. "I know she thought I was so sick of fly flappers that your ridiculously, impossible little-girlishness would appeal to me. I know she made you pretend to be a sly little innocent and limit your conversation to Miss MeSo-and-So's school. I was wise immediately, because nobody in the world could be as dumb as you pretended to be. You over-acted, dear heart. Thank goodness, I happened to come in here yesterday and found you too plastered to be anybody but your own self. You're adorable."

Christine gasped and was silent. He was still speaking. "I love you, darling. Marry me."

"But you don't know me—long. I—I——"

"That doesn't mean a thing. I loved you yesterday when you were being the self that your mother told you to hide. Be that self—your own self—and I'll always love you."

Christine closed her eyes and counted six. Then she opened them and said, "Temple, I'll be that self always. I love you so that I couldn't bear to bore you."

Christine knew perfectly well that somewhere in New York there must be a bootlegger.

THEIR marriage was a surprise to everyone. So was their divorce. Six months elapsed between events. Temple Barton had said that Mrs. Temple Barton never drew a sober breath in the entire time.

"I threatened, begged, commanded and pled," he said on the witness stand. "She wouldn't quit the stuff. Oh, I knew she drank before I married her, but I thought it was once in a blue moon! You know, to be sociable or when something unusual was about to happen."

Christine on the witness stand had nothing to say She simply looked at Temple.

The divoree was granted. Temple made a generous settlement on Christine. She disappeared forever from those who had known her. Some say that she threw herself into the night life of Pawtucket, R. I.

Temple remarried. He married Lorna Rosemont. She was a girl who drank only when something unusual was about to happen.

Self-Helps and Pick-Me-Ups

IF you start getting all lit up, and don't wanna, take a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. That'll jerk you back to prosaic facts quick enough. Or before you start on the cocktail hour at all, take a whisky glassful of olive oil.

If you get blotto before you know it and wanna stage a comeback before the party is over, get somebody to feed you catsup, or stewed tomatoes or vinegar. You ought to be all right in about fifteen minutes if you haven't mixed your drinks.

But if you've mixed the drink and the food too and everything seems just hopeless, then drink about a quart of warm water with about a teaspoonful of powdered mustard in it. Get set for this. You're on the starting line again before you know it—your decks all clear. But the host's won't be if you haven't been careful. They may have to give you some fresh air, take you for a walk around the block, or fan you with wet towels. But this treatment will pull you through for the home stretch!

And what a stretch—about three a. m.! When every little movement means a hangover—and you know the oncoming big day at the office won't be half as big as your head. Before you turn in you'd better take a good shot of an antacid. Milk of Mag. will do.

And if you're head has the habit of the morning after, apply something like Mentholatum to the places where it'll likely ache and a little two-inch bandage.

But if you were too blotto, stinko profundo, and all that to do a durned thing anticipating the hangover, and you wake up the next morning with a wow: Take black coffee first, without sugar and as hot as you can. Then later some Bromo with a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia if your heart can stand it. Then, if you *must* eat, try cold fruit juice or cold milk or both. If you must have more, try a vegetable salad. It's a swell breakfast the morning after!

So long, folks! Have a good time! Drink a scotch highball for me if you're *not* drinking gin. But *don't* mix 'em!—JERRY TOPER.

Pick-me-ups for That Hangover graphically illustrated, with Tom Moore as the Nifty who always has a snappy come-back. One of the little P-M-U's has just asked Tom for a sentence with the word nautical in it. "Easy," says Tom. "My gal's a naughty gal." (Universal's "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly.")

YES, LOVE'S SOMETIMES AS BAD AS LIQUOR—AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, ASK CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD AND KARL DANE, IN M-G-M'S "BABY MINE."

CHARLOTTE—*All my troubles began when I married you.*

KARL—*Oh, leave the child out of this argument.*

As a national pastime, throwing the bull ranks with gold-digging and the higher forms of murder. "But it's something you can't learn," says Lupino Lane, "You just gotta be born to it."

Lupino has just asked his little boy friend if he wants to go on a sleighing party. And the little boy friend is replying — "Sure, but don't kid yourself as to who's going to do the slaying." (Educational.)

Don't ask Lina Basquette what character she's supposed to have in the second act. Lina's a great little bull thrower herself, and she's just as likely as not to answer, "I'm not supposed to have any character at all. I'm a chorus girl." (First National's "The Noose.")

Proving why — and how — Paris edicts the longer dress for spring wear. (Irene Rich as the Skin-You-Love-to-Touch in Warner Bros.' "Powder My Back.")

Irene says its wonderful what words mean—the same few you murmur in church that mean marriage, muttered in your sleep mean divorce!

WILLIAM HAINES ASSURES ALICE DAY THAT SHE'S VERY —OH, MUCH—TOO FAST. (M-G-M'S "THE SMART SET.")

WILLIAM—*Do you know the difference between a bathtub and a parlor?*

ALICE—*Why, no.*

WILLIAM—*Gosh, where do you entertain your friends?*

PAULINE STARK SAYS IT'S A WISE BIRD THAT FEATHERS ITS NEST. (WITH WILLIAM DYER IN UNIVERSAL'S "FALLEN ANGELS.")

PAULINE—*Let's kiss and make up.*

WILLIAM—*I'll kiss you, but you're made up enough.*

DOROTHY McNAMARA AND DELLA PETERSON, EDUCATIONAL BEAUTIES, PROVING THAT A LOT IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO ON THE GROUND

DOROTHY—*Would you rather be beautiful or good?*

DELLA—*I'd rather be beautiful and repent.*

GARRY COOPER HAS JUST TOLD LANE CHANDLER THAT HE DOESN'T THINK IT'S GIVING THE ARMY AN EVEN BREAK TO GIVE THE NAVY CONTROL OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS (PARAMOUNT'S LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED.) SO NOW LANE WILL SING A LITTLE SONG

The girl I like
Is Laura Lent:
"Come on," she said,
"Won't cost a cent."

Sir Francis Beekman (Mack Swain) in Paramount's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," does a little out-of-the-way philandering. "It isn't hayseed in my hair, it's wild oats," says Sir Francis

(Continued from page 3)

Highballs

℞ ½ what have you
⅔ any charged water
with ice and straw in highball glass

Ginger Ale Highballs: substitute ginger ale for water
Gin Buck: gin and dry ginger ale

Every hour on the hour.

Bull Dog

℞ Juice 1 orange
1 wineglass fluid gin
dry ginger ale to fill
highball glass with artificial ice and synthetic straw

Last Aid (for stubborn cases): substitute 1 lemon for the orange

To taper off, gradually reduce the gin—increasing the ginger ale.

Mint Julep

℞ Mash 3 or 4 sprigs fresh mint in 2 teaspoons clear syrup and strain. Add 1 wineglass hard likka (Bourbon preferred). Fill thin tumbler with finely shaved or pounded ice and stir till glass is frosted. Pour julep over ice, insert fresh sprig of mint and straw, and garnish with fruit as desired.

To cool the hot and bothered, serve in a deck chair in a shady corner of an old-fashioned garden.

Mermaid's Milk

℞ 1 teaspoon honey or maple syrup
cut with 1 pony lime or lemon juice
1 pony green crême de menthe
1 pony heavy cream
2 ponies Bacardi rum
2 ponies Gordon water
shake till thoroughly chilled
strain into a thermos bottle

Pour into paper cups on a Florida beach. An infallible remedy for sea-serpent bites.

Gimlet

℞ 2 parts of the juniper berry's last stand
1 part Rose's lime juice
chill without diluting

Will dry up the wettest bore. Administer whenever he opens his mouth. It bores from within.

Clover Leaf

℞ Juice of small lime
white of 1 egg
1 teaspoon grenadine syrup
1 pony Americo-Italian vermouth
3 ponies your favorite gin
shake hard and strain into cocktail glass
dash with seltzer and float mint leaves on top

Cures buck fever. To scrape acquaintance with any blonde in the speakeasy, have Henery place one before her with your compliments. If one fails, try another girl.

Stingaree

℞ 2 parts so-called cognac
1 part temperance crême de menthe (preferably white)
chill thoroughly with shaved or pounded ice

To remove that hated rival, repeat as his symptoms indicate. Apply the second treatment when he says "Stinger" with reminiscent affection, the third when he makes a slight hissing sound, others while he can still crook a finger, and so on till he takes a ride.
Caution: take cigars yourself.

Sex Appeal

℞ 1 part French vermouth
1 part apricot brandy
3 parts gin
dash of lemon juice
chill and strain into a thermos bottle
place conveniently in a closed car

Invaluable during traffic jams and other delays. The ladies like it.

Bronx

℞ 6 parts orange juice
1 part legal Italian vermouth
1 part lawful French vermouth
6 parts outlaw gin
1 part pineapple juice (optional)
1 part lemon juice (optional)

The well-known tonic for carrying on from the cocktail hour till dinner time.

Dacqueri

℞ Juice of 1 lime
1 teaspoon grenadine syrup
1 wineglass naturalized Bacardi

A reliable antidote for the hard-boiled shirt and stiff collar. Take as required while dressing for dinner.

Sazarack

℞ 2 parts rye
1 part Bacardi
1 part anisette
1 part clear syrup
dash of Angostura bitters
dash of orange bitters
3 dashes of absinthe
dip rim of glass in water, then in sugar
twist lemon peel on top

Will fortify the timid soul for crashing the hors d'œuvres buffet and assure him at least a slice of cucumber spread with caviar, a wafer initialed in anchovy paste, or a wisp of celery stuffed with pâté de foie gras.

Caution: absinthe is against the law.

Jersey Punch

℞ Juice 1 blood orange
juice 1 lime
2 hookers Jersey lightning
sweeten to taste with pineapple juice or syrup

Recommended to hostesses whose dinner parties are slow to jell.

Riot Punch

℞ 1 barrel acid fruit juices
1 barrel strong gin
1 barrel dry ginger ale

Punch, brethren, punch with care!

Hot Rum Bumbo

℞ Make a lemonade with cider instead of water
add grated nutmeg and ground cinnamon to taste
bring just to the boiling point
load with Jamaica rum
serve in mugs before an open fire

And God pity the poor sailors on a night like this! Indicated for advanced cases of Asbestosis or Wood's Disease; see page 66.

Carrol

℞ 1 part Italianate vermouth
3 parts any available brandy
dash of Angostura bitters
1 very pickled walnut

Gargle freely before caroling into the close harmony of the mixed doubles on the davenport. If at first you don't succeed in rolling away that extra R, try try again.

Bloodhound

℞ 1 part French vermouth
1 part Italian vermouth
2 parts gin again
2 or 3 strawberries
shake hard and strain

Send this after your lost, strayed or stolen sweetie.

Side Car

℞ 1 part lemon juice
1 parts temperance Cointreau
2 parts alleged brandy

To rid your apartment of guests who haven't discovered the party is over (except for you and the girlfriend), sprinkle this mixture generously till the last of the vermin has called for his side car and gone away —or out. It should leave no stains.

Orange Blossom

℞ Equal parts orange juice and gin
chill thoroughly

Indispensable for christening love-nests.

Amnesia

℞ 1 teaspoon honey or maple syrup
cut with 1 part lime or lemon juice
3 parts what have you
generous cocktail glass

Apply the instant you discover you have addressed Beryl as Darling Dora.

Shandygaff

℞ Equal parts home brew and real ginger ale

Take liberally with midnight snacks in the kitchen to promote the digestion of delicatessentials.

Hindenburg Cough Syrup

℞ Equal parts cognac, Chartreuse, and French vermouth

Take while undressing (verb, intransitive and transitive) as prophylaxis against sudden chills.

Monkey Gland

℞ Equal parts orange juice and gin
1 teaspoon grenadine syrup
1 dash absinthe

The perfect nightcap.

Billie Dove's offered to give Noah Beery some fairy tales, but Noah just laughs and laughs because he knows that fairies don't have any tails. It's First National's "The Slave Mart," with Billy as the octaroon slave who makes gentlemen forget all about what they prefer.

PATSY RUTH MILLER TAKES GLENN PENROUNTO HER CONFIDENCE IN UNIVERSAL'S "PARIS OR BUST"

PATSY—*I'm not happy.*

GLENN—*Won't my presence make you so?*

PATSY—*Yes, your presents will.*

Betty Hilburn's about to cry because she doesn't know what to do when a man in the front row tries to flirt with her. But Marguerite de la Motte knows. "Give him a good kick and show him you're a lady," says de la Motte—and you ought to see her demonstrate. (Excellent Pictures' "Broadway Madness.")

(*Continued from page* 19)

drunken way of kissing the back of her neck that fascinated her. When it came time for Lyle's history, all he could remember was that he came of stock that was not the marrying kind. He made expansive and explanatory gestures.

"Women are nice," Lyle told them gravely, "but I had an uncle once who married one, and he was never the same man."

Whereupon, without more ado, Chloe decided that she'd like to marry Lyle, if only for a little while, just to prove to herself that it could be done. When Lyle had climbed through the window once more and made his merry way toward his own window, Peggy looked at Chloe.

"That's no kind of a man to fool around with," she told her.

"Well," Chloe said reflectively, "you can't tell. Maybe he takes after his uncle."

"Maybe he doesn't, too," Peggy observed. "Do you think you could endure it if I went to bed? We can't go without sleep indefinitely, you know."

THE next afternoon at breakfast, Lyle regaled Karl with a story about two girls who accepted a young man's entrance through the window as calmly as they would accept a meal, and who believed in companionate marriage and quoted Voltaire with ease. Karl had a headache, so he didn't pay much attention, and he thought Lyle was lying, anyway. Presently, Peggy and Chloe strolled in for *their* breakfast, and let Karl and Lyle pay for it. They made a great foursome. They organized a quartette and had jolly times. Lyle was Chloe's, and Karl was Peggy's, and there was many a night that the Peke had no sleep at all and wandered around the next day with an expression of weariness about the corners of his eyes. Chloe and Peggy talked far, far into the night. They curled in silken bundles with faces cold creamed and their chins under their knees.

"I'm in love with Lyle," Chloe told Peggy.

"Rot," Peggy said simply.

"It isn't rot!" Chloe said indignantly. "You've never been in love!"

"No," Peggy admitted. "But, then, I've never had a man kiss me the way Lyle does you."

"You should. It's an experience."

"I have no doubt," Peggy said courteously. "I'll see what I can do."

"Did you ever have chills creep up and down the back of your neck?"

"Once," Peggy said, "when I didn't have money for the rent."

"This is different. It's a nice sort of chill. It's the kind of a chill that makes you think you'd freeze to death gladly."

"Why don't you marry him?"

"What'll I do, drug him?"

"Work out your own problems," Peggy said crisply. "I have troubles of my own."

So Chloe worked out her own problem. It wasn't ethical, but women are seldom ethical.

In some inexplicable way, Lyle got frightfully tight one night and found himself alone with the moon, a flask of bacardi cocktails and Peggy. They were in a gondola, liberally bolstered with cushions. He was surprised to find that Chloe was not present. Nobody

"Peggy, dear," Lyle said a little thickly, "it's not a crime to kiss a woman when there's a moon like this, is it?"

but Peggy was present, and Lyle had an overpowering desire to kiss someone. Of course, he could have jammed his face into the nearest cushion, but Peggy was small and cuddly, red-lipped and provocative, and she was nestled in something of gold lace and flame. Lyle found that the back of Peggy's neck was as soft as Chloe's, and that she laughed a lot. He shelved his speculations about Chloe's whereabouts and started kissing the back of Peggy's neck with gusto. Then he kissed her under the chin. She had a nice chin.

"Peggy," Lyle said, a little thickly, "it's not immoral to kiss a woman when there's a moon like this, is it?"

"It depends upon the viewpoint," Peggy murmured.

"What's your viewpoint?" Lyle asked.

Peggy's viewpoint was that it wasn't. So he kissed her again, but not under the chin. They stayed out until it was time to go to one of those clever little cafés in the Arcades.

KARL came up to Peggy's room. He found Chloe sitting on her feet, staring into space.

"Lyle and Peggy," she said, "are paddling around in a gondola somewhere."

Karl looked a bit dashed. He had a moment of indecision in the doorway. Chloe was very pretty. She wore something that was very pretty.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat, "I'll . . . I'll stick around."

"Do," Chloe said cordially. "It's infernally lonesome."

Karl had brown eyes and a sensitive, mobile mouth. Chloe made room for him on the lounge beside her.

Asterisks. I can't fill in this space.

When Karl left, Chloe's plan didn't seem as brilliant as it had at the outset. Peggy came in and threw off her gold lace and flame wrappings. There was a deep blue bruise on Peggy's left shoulder that had green and yellow streaks running through it.

"I see that your ride was a great success," Chloe said.

"Yes," Peggy said, sighing. She slumped on the lounge and looked at a spot on the rug. She was thinking about kisses on the back of one's neck. They retired and turned their backs to each other, staring into the darkness on opposite sides of the bed and pretending that they were deeply wrapped in slumber by the simple expedient of deep and regular breathing.

Lyle awoke the following morning with a blinding headache and a rotten taste in his mouth.

"Hell!" he said, sitting on the edge of his bed and staring at his slippered feet. "What a rotter! I'd better slit my throat . . . poor little Chloe, trusting me, and all like that!"

He shaved, however, without casualties. He thought about Chloe and wondered if women ever kept secrets. He'd been inconsiderate. Chloe would think that he'd been lying to her. She'd think . . . what did a man do, in a case like this? Married a woman to prove that he loved her. When a man marries a woman, does he tell her his past? He tried vaguely to capture memories of his past.

"A fellow should keep books, that's what!" he said, in deep disgust. "It's too damn' difficult!"

He jerked his tie into place and called Chloe.

"I'll come over if you invite me," he said.

Chloe said that she would wait for him. Dear, patient little Chloe! She trusted him. A trusting wife . . . marriage. Marriage. Hell. He sighed and threw back his shoulders. Chloe was crying when he got there.

"Peggy," she said, as he stepped over the threshold, "has told me everything!"

"Leave it to a woman," Lyle groaned, sinking into a chair, "to tell everything!"

"I didn't think . . ." Chloe wailed. "Oh, Lyle . . . I thought you loved *me!*"

LYLE felt several different kinds of an ass and he wished violently that Chloe would stop crying She was so small. She had such tiny hands, and they looked too childish cupped over her face that way. Lyle got on his knees and put his face in her lap.

"Darling," he groaned. "Oh . . . uh . . . please don't *cry!*"

"You'd cry too," Chloe wailed from between her fingers, "if your life had been w-wrecked!"

A wrecked life. He'd *have* to say it. He couldn't let her go around with a wrecked life! Peggy came out and stood in the bedroom doorway. She looked white and miserable, as though she hadn't slept much. He wanted to go over and kiss her. She didn't have a wrecked life. He tore his eyes away. He took Chloe's hand.

"Uh . . ." he said. "Chloe, listen!"

Chloe took a listening attitude. Peggy lit a cigarette nervously and looked away. Lyle cleared his throat.

The door opened and Karl came in. He had eyes for no one but Chloe.

"Darling!" he said, striding across the room and taking her two hands between his, "I couldn't sleep for thinking of you!"

Lyle blinked and sat back on his heels. Peggy blinked. Chloe gulped.

"Really!" she said weakly.

"You have to marry me!" Karl said. "Today . . . right away!"

Chloe blushed. "I . . . I . . ." she said.

A DANGEROUS light came into Karl's eyes. "Under the circumstances, are you going to *hesitate?*"

Being afraid that Karl would tell the circumstances, Chloe said "no," abruptly, and kissed her plan goodbye. She liked Karl best anyway. It was much the same. When a girl sets her mind on marrying, everything seems to come at once. She left her wrecked life in the keeping of Lyle and Peggy and went forth, with Karl behind her.

Lyle looked at Peggy. "Tattletale!" he said adoringly.

"Life wrecker!" Peggy said, grinning and throwing her cigarette away.

"Lift your chin, darling," Lyle said. "I want to kiss under it. I love you."

"I know one thing," Peggy said, hours later. "I'll never tell anybody to try getting the back of their neck kissed. It doesn't work out."

VERA STEADMAN AND FRANCES LEE ON A VERY SECRET SPANISH MISSION (PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE COMEDIES)

VERA—*What is the difference between a baby and a bottle of champagne?*

FRANCES—*The champagne comes with the maker's name stamped on it.*

TRAINING FOR THE GRADE-A BOYS' JUMPING CONTEST IN THE AVIATOR OLYMPICS. (SALLY RAND AND HOOT GIBSON, UNIVERSAL.)

SALLY—*Do you believe in clubs for women?*

HOOT—*Yes, but only after kindness fails.*

Music as she is sung. Take your pick, ladies and gentlemen. Bobby Vernon begging his red-hot mammy to meet him where the watermelon grows, or Clara Bow, calling 'em back to the beach at Wai-ki-ki. (*Paramount*)

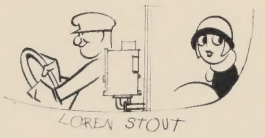
BOBBY—*Honey, is yoh affiliated wif any reform association?*
MAMMY—*Boy, I sho is. I'se married.*

TUNE
THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD IN EVERY BAD LITTLE GIRL

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true.
A city's built with outskirts
And a chorus girl is, too.

ASK US ANYTHING!

IF you have to hang discontentedly about the newsstands two or three extra days this month you can blame me. Just got in this minute from Washington. The Capital, no less—ran down on a special mission to investigate this new disease, *Asbestosis*. 'Pon our honor, it's a real disease—the Public Health Service is all of a twit about it. And those poor dear boys in the service are just giving their lives to gathering statistics on it. How they go about it is nobody's business. . . . A coupla Congressmen I interviewed wouldn't have anything to do with *my* investigation. "G'wan home," said they. "Stick at this too long you might get it yourself!" So here I am.



Here's how I looked when those Senators at Washington got through investigating my Asbestosis. . . .

Lunchtime After the Night Before

DEAR FRITZI WOOD:

Do you ever get up in the morning after going places and doing things (Sometimes, not often. F. W.) and find your eyes all puffy when you have to be Exhibit A by lunchtime or before? What do you do?

BLOTTO

FUNNY how you all sooner or later strike right at the heart of my favorite dodges. Not long ago I decided having a chemist for a brother might be good for other little helpfulnesses besides analyzing alcohol, so I gave him one of the nicest cleansing astringent face tonics. "Tell me why that's a million dollars a bottle," says I. And would you believe this was the answer?

Spirits Witch Hazel	100 parts
Powdered Boric Acid	5 parts
Perfume (lavender, rose, etc., very concentrated, depending on how well you like the odor of witch hazel)	to cover

And ordered from your druggist it hardly slits the pay envelope an inch.

Paying the Piper—Less

DEAR FRITZI WOOD:

No troubles at all between the boy friend and me. We like the same things and we do them ex-eel-lent-ly. BUT we're always pretty broke and can't afford to go to expensive night clubs. But we want to dine and dance and such. How?

GINNY JERALE

BUMPED into a place the other night where dinners (Chinese and American, both swell) are $1.25 and dancing is included without cover charge. Good floor and ditto orchestra. Little separate booths with low lights or ringside tables. Wo Mee and Sing Long weren't very qui vivish about service the night we went, but t'ain't always thus, according to the children who steered me there. And if you're not in a hurry, wottehell? It's the Mah Jong Inn at 95th Street and Broadway.

WAS at a speakeasy. Such a good speakeasy that everybody decided that seeing the S. S. *Resolute* off on a world cruise was the one thing the evening would be spoiled without. So we all (and by that time there were nigh onto forty of us) found ourselves in one little state room. Saying goodbye frantically to each of each other so's not to miss the chap who was sailing if any, nor the swell Bacardi and cognac. Haphazard Hilda, the Little Minx, slipped right by the cautious point without noticing it, and carried off a big red pillow under her coat. By mistake.

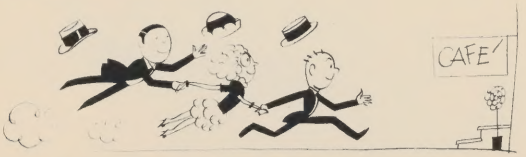
She said, afterward: "I wasn't feeling exactly in a suspicious mood, but I did have a feeling as I fastened my coat that *something* had gone wrong."

Everyone was polite about her figure and it was only when someone accidentally sat on her in the car that we all gave sighs of relief, because . . . well, she hadn't been so soft to sit on before!

There's another verse to the song I sang so sweetly to you once upon a time:

Whoever told
You fish were cold
They went too far, dear,
There's caviar, dear,
Let's misbehave!

—FRITZI WOOD



And here's Us bupping into a place where the dancing's included in the cover charge . . . get the boy friends' pleased expressions?

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